

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXIII. }

No. 1910. — January 22, 1881.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXLVIII. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

A CLOUD came out of the golden west,
A bell rang over the silent air,
The sun-god hurried away to rest,
Flushing with kisses each cloud he prest,
And oh! but the day was fair!

"How brightly the year goes out!" they said;
"The glow of the sunset lingers long,
Knowing the year will be over and dead,
Its sad hours over — its sweet hours fled —
With service of evensong."

"How sadly the year came in!" they said.
I listened and wondered in dusk of night,
To me no year that might come instead
Of the old friend numbered among the dead
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and grey,
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,
Waiting to ring the year away
In strains that were ever too glad and gay
For me — as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million breasts,
Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase,
I wonder that never a sorrow rests
In words you utter to friends and guests
In the new year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be?
Have new years only a gladder sound?
For ever and always it seems to me
That no new face can be sweet to see
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,
The bell is silent in misty air,
The year has gone to its last long rest,
And I who loved and who knew it best
Shall meet it — God knows where!
All The Year Round.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

BEFORE the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song ere morning light:
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveller errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird;
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.
Spectator. F. W. B.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—ZOOLOGY.

OH! merry is the Madrepora that sits beside
the sea,
The cheery little Coralline hath many charms
for me;
I love the fine Echinoderms of azure, green,
and grey,
That handled roughly fling their arms impul-
sively away:
Then bring me here the microscope and let
me see the cells,
Wherein the little Zoophyte like garden
floweret dwells.

We'll take the fair Anemone from off its rocky
seat,
Since Rondeletius has said when fried 'tis
good to eat;
Dyspeptics from Sea-Cucumbers a lesson well
may win,
They blithely take their organs out and then
put fresh ones in.
The Rotifer in whirling round may surely bear
the bell,
With Oceanic Hydrozooids that Huxley knows
so well.

You've heard of the Octopus, 'tis a pleasant
thing to know,
He has a ganglion makes him blush not red,
but white as snow;
And why the strange Cercaria, to go a long
way back,
Wears ever, as some ladies do, a fashionable
"sac";
And how the Prawn has parasites that on his
head make holes,
Ask Doctor Cobbold, and he'll say they're just
like tiny soles.

Then study well zoology, and add unto your
store,
The tales of biogenesis and protoplasmic lore:
As Paley neatly has observed, when into life
they burst,
The frog and the philosopher are just the same
at first.
But what's the origin of life remains a puzzle
still,
Let Tyndall, Haeckel, Bastian go wrangle as
they will.

Punch.

FROM THE SICILIAN OF VICORTAI.

LOVE-TEST.

LASSIE wi' the face sae bonnie,
An' the bricht bewitchin' ee,
Is there, tell me, is there ony
Danger I can dare for thee?
That I lo'e thee thou mayst know it,
But it's hard for me to bear
A' my love till I can show it
By some danger I maun dare!

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From The Edinburgh Review.

SAINT-SIMON'S PARALLEL OF THREE KINGS.*

NOT often does it happen that the vast ocean of literature casts upon our shores a pearl of great price amongst the weeds and rubbish of the times. But this volume claims a conspicuous place in the classical literature of France and of Europe. It is a work of the eighteenth — we might almost say, from its style, of the seventeenth — century, the most splendid period in the history of French letters; but its existence was till lately unknown to the world, for it lay buried in the accumulated masses of the Saint-Simon manuscripts, still jealously guarded and preserved in the Foreign Archives of Paris. So little was the real character and value of this "Parallel" understood that it is referred to by M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, in the excellent essay which was crowned by the French Academy in 1855, as the production of Duke *Claude* de Saint-Simon, the father of the illustrious author of the "Memoirs," and not of his son, which was impossible, because it refers to events long subsequent to the death of the first duke. M. Faugère has been engaged for the last eight years in a careful examination of the Saint-Simon manuscripts, consisting, no doubt, in great part, of the journals, notes, and materials from which the "Memoirs" were transcribed. He proposes to publish in six volumes a selection of the most valuable portion of these documents, and in the forefront of his work he has placed the biographical essay now before us, which has been hailed by the most competent judges as a masterpiece of this great author, bearing on almost every page the stamp of the full maturity of his genius.

Saint-Simon was seventy-two years of age when he resolved in 1746 to write this parallel of the three great Bourbon kings, Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Although he began to keep a journal of the events of his time in 1694, when he was only nineteen years old, and con-

tinued the practice with undiminished assiduity throughout his active life, the "Memoirs," as we now possess them in a voluminous manuscript completely transcribed by his own hand, were the production of his later years.* He had withdrawn in 1723 from the court, being then only forty-eight years of age. The sudden death of the Duke of Orleans by a stroke of apoplexy in that year severed the last tie which bound him to his contemporaries. Thenceforth he lived altogether in the past — he lived over again those years from 1691 to 1723, to which his pen was destined to give an immortal shape and coloring. And he survived his retirement thirty-two years. These years were spent in his country-seat at La Ferté, and during the whole of this period, down to his death at the age of eighty in 1755, the habit of writing continued to be the chief occupation and amusement of his existence. There is not another example in literary history of so voluminous an author, writing with no prospect of gain or of fame — *nec lucri nec famæ spe adlectatus* — uncertain whether he would ever be read at all, certain that, if read by posterity, a century at least must pass before the results of his prodigious and indefatigable labors could be known to the world. But literature is no ungrateful mistress. The treasures of the past which are placed in her keeping are repaid with interest. The modesty or the indifference of this silent writer who cast his bread upon the waters has been recompensed after many days by a higher rank than that of his ducal honors, and he will live forever amongst the greatest annalists of his own country, amongst the keenest observers of human nature. A recent critic, commenting on some observations of our own, has remarked that Saint-Simon is one of the authors who are more talked about than read. We cannot verify the truth of this assertion, but in our judg-

* *Ecrits Inédits de Saint-Simon publiés sur les manuscrits conservés au Dépôt des Affaires Étrangères.* Par M. P. FAUGÈRE. Tome Premier: Parallèle des trois premiers Rois Bourbons. Paris: 1880.

* The mode in which Saint-Simon composed his "Memoirs," and the date at which they were written, are discussed at considerable length in an article published by ourselves in No. 243 of this journal in January, 1864, to which we may refer our readers. It is therefore needless to revert to this subject. The "Parallel" was undoubtedly written *after* the "Memoirs" were completed.

ment the "Memoirs" of Saint-Simon are one of the few modern works which possess, like the ancient classics or like Shakespeare, an inexhaustible interest. If one has nothing else to read or to do, they are always attractive and interesting. Life itself would be duller without their company. Every page is alive. Every personage comes before one in his proper habit. A man well read in Saint-Simon knows the court of Louis XIV. better than he knows the court of Victoria. We guess at the characters and motives of our contemporaries; we judge, and think we know, the characters and motives which are stamped on the page of history. No doubt the passionate style in which Saint-Simon wrote is the main secret of his attractive power. M. de Sainte-Beuve called him the Rubens of the court of Louis XIV., from the strength and color he threw upon the canvas. We have heard an equally great authority describe him as the Rembrandt of history, because out of his vast irregular sentences, rising as they proceed in force and passion — a turbid cloud of words, wholly unlike the order and purity of French composition — flashes forth at last an expression or an epithet which illuminates the whole passage and brands it on the memory. It took more than a century for the French to comprehend such a style, which is to the established traditions of French prose what Gothic architecture is to Greek. When Madame du Deffand was first allowed to have these manuscripts read to her, she told Horace Walpole that they were vastly amusing, but *mal écrits*: just as Swift said of Bishop Burnet (who is the nearest approach we possess to Saint-Simon) that he had "an ill style." But now the victory is complete. In a form essentially different from his own, Bossuet himself has found a rival where he never suspected it. Saint-Simon ranks with the finest French writers, and this volume may be ranked amongst the *chefs d'œuvre* of his pen.

We have said that he was seventy-two when he wrote it. It is now ascertained with tolerable certainty that after the death of Dangeau in 1720 Saint-Simon

obtained a copy of the journal of that sedulous courtier, which he covered with notes in the earlier years of his retirement. These notes and other materials were transferred into the "Memoirs," which were completed between the years 1740 and 1746. This fact is proved by the insertion of numerous references to occurrences of that late period — for instance, the death of Philip V. of Spain, which took place in 1746. The introduction to the "Memoirs" is dated 1743, and the whole manuscript was written off clean by Saint-Simon himself, without additions, insertions, or corrections. Having then completed this extraordinary labor, he appears to have thought that the time was come to execute a long-cherished design of writing an exact historical comparison of the characters and reigns of Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., dictated mainly by a romantic desire to vindicate the fame of Louis XIII., which had, and has, doubtless been eclipsed by that of his father and his son.

I will not deny that impatience of the injustice commonly done to Louis XIII., between his father and his son, has ever inspired me with the desire to set it right, both by conviction and by feeling. That feeling is gratitude. My father owed to that prince all his fortune, I therefore all I am. All I have reminds me of his benefits. I wait in vain that some one else, who lived by his favors, and more capable than myself, should be sufficiently mindful of them to rescue his benefactor from this intolerable oppression. No one in all these years has attempted it. At last indignation at so much ingratitude and ignorance drives me to take up the pen, but with the most scrupulous observance of truth, which alone gives a value and inspires belief.

Louis XIII. had been dead one hundred and three years when these lines were written. But a century had not extinguished the ardent feelings of gratitude and affection cherished in the house of Saint-Simon, and, we must add, revived even in our time in the house of Luynes, for the late Duke de Luynes erected a statue in solid silver, in the hall at Dampierre, to the memory of the benefactor of his race. For fifty years Saint-

Simon never failed to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the king at St. Denis on May 14, the anniversary of his death; and an ever-burning lamp hung for more than a century before the king's bust in the chapel of La Ferté. He was the patron of the family; and it is not wonderful that Saint-Simon, in whom all the traditions of his race were sacred and unchangeable, should have held his own literary life to be incomplete until he had endeavored to vindicate the character and the reign of his father's royal friend, even at the risk of exaggeration, since he was prompted by these feelings to draw a picture of Louis XIII. which might pass for that of a hero and a saint. The parallel is in fact a panegyric even more than an apology. It must be read as such. But, without sharing the enthusiasm of the writer, we think that he raises considerably the character of Louis XIII., whose fate it has been to be overshadowed by his predecessor and by his successor, and above all by his own minister, Richelieu.*

We are not insensible to the defects of this work. It is full of repetitions, which are sometimes tedious; it is full of those prejudices which were rooted and ingrained in the mind of Saint-Simon. If he delights to raise Louis XIII. to the light, it is partly because by the effect of contrast he throws the latter years of Louis XIV. into darker shades of gloom and horror. The plan of the work is not happy. In speaking of Henry IV. he writes from tradition; in speaking of Louis XIII. he writes from anecdotes

related to him by his own father, but this must have been before he was eighteen, scarcely more than a boy; in speaking of Louis XIV., each scene rises before his eyes, for he had witnessed it. He had often described those scenes before. Every incident was familiar to him; yet the story gained by repetition. Nowhere is the close of the great tragedy, the death of the king, related with such power as in these pages. Saint-Simon had a natural gift of eloquence and an unequalled original faculty of description — a touch did it, and every touch told. But he was not a finished artist. With all his gifts and all his industry, he was too much a *grand seigneur* to correct what he wrote. He knew that his sketches were loose and sometimes incoherent — but what of that? He was not an author. He wrote under an irrepressible impulse to write — more for himself than for other people. We question whether he had any clear idea of the future fate of his manuscripts — a perilous inheritance: was it worth while to polish and revise them? Perhaps they would have lost something of their rugged grandeur if he had attempted the task. We like them more with the fierce irregularity of an earlier age, than if the varnish of the eighteenth century had been smeared over them.

The chronology of the Bourbon kings of France is in itself curious, and may suggest reflections to our readers. There were but five of them, from the extinction of the house of Valois in 1589 to the French Revolution, which began exactly two centuries later. From the birth of Henry of Navarre in 1553 to the death of Louis XVI. in 1794, a period of no less than two hundred and forty-one years elapsed. These sovereigns succeeded each other by direct lineal descent, but Louis XV. was the great grandson, and Louis XVI. the grandson, of their respective predecessors. During the same period, no less than ten sovereigns reigned in England, besides the Commonwealth. Within this era, and within the lives of these five men, the entire history of the old Bourbon monarchy is comprised. The parallel written by Saint-

* The character of Louis XIII. by Nicolas Goulas, who was not in his service but in that of his brother, is perhaps more just, though less highly colored than that of Saint-Simon. "I must show you," he says, "the King Louis XIII. as a very different man from the ordinary descriptions of him, and from what he was supposed to be, for he had fine qualities, a great heart, a great mind, a perfect intelligence of war; he was capable of counsel, jealous of his authority, a good judge of the strong and the weak in mankind, fearing God, loving justice, ardent for the glory of his country and his reign, but harsh to his kinsfolk and severe to all. He lived in dread of his brother and the queen his mother; but his chief defect was a distrust of himself, for, imagining that he would make mistakes if he stood alone at the helm, he made the most deplorable mistake of all in surrendering it entirely to those whom he called to office under him. (Mémoires de Goulas, vol. i., p. 16.)

Simon, and contained in this volume, relates only to the first three of these princes, but from the birth of the grand-sire Henry IV., in 1553, to the death of the grandson Louis XIV. in 1715, it covers a space of one hundred and sixty-two years. Henry IV. fought his way to the crown, which was his

Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance,

when he was in the plenitude of manhood at thirty-six; but his three successors ascended the throne as young children, and in each case the government fell into the hands of a regency—a regency of Marie de' Medici, Anne of Austria, and the Duke of Orleans, turbulent, profligate, corrupt. Dates are commonly dry and uninteresting, but these dates are pregnant with meaning, and contain in them the fate of the house of Bourbon and of France.

We shall confine ourselves in the following remarks to those portions of the volume before us which relate to Louis Treize, since he is the real, if not the ostensible, subject of this essay, and the author has mainly applied his art to vindicate from original sources the character of a sovereign who has perhaps been too severely handled by history. The heroism, the polity, and the gallantry of Henry IV. are well known from other sources; and the court of Louis XIV. survives in the "Memoirs" of Saint-Simon himself—an ample record. The birth of Henry of Navarre, at some distance from the throne, the hard youth of that son of Béarn, the struggles of arms and of faith through which he fought his way, his Protestant education, the lessons of a virtuous mother, and the example of Condé and Coligny, all contributed to form the manly character of a soldier and a statesman.

Le ciel qui de mes ans protégeait la faiblesse,
Toujours à des héros confia ma jeunesse.

When Louis XIII. succeeded to the throne on the assassination of his illustrious father, the situation was exactly reversed. The young prince was not yet ten years old. France was at peace. The passions of the Ligue were extinct. The treasury was full. The country was in the highest state of strength and prosperity. But of what account, exclaims Saint-Simon, are so many advantages, when they are but external? What harm is there in poor and difficult circumstances, if they are nobly used? The young king

was cursed from his birth by an unprincipled mother and a pestilential education.

Mary of Medici, on the full tide of prosperity, imperious, jealous, narrow to excess, always governed by the dregs of the court and by what she had brought with her from Italy, was a continual source of misery to Henry IV., to her son, and to herself, though she might have been the happiest woman in Europe at no greater cost than by controlling her temper and her varlets. Henry IV., absorbed by the cares of government and by his pleasures, was oppressed by a hateful interior. He yielded everything to the queen and to her masters, partly from the fear of poison or the dagger, partly for the sake of peace and patience. The queen was mistress of her children and of her own court without living on better terms with the king. M. de Sully has let drop a few words which disclose the amazing surrender on the one side, the amazing tyranny on the other, which was exercised by the terrible temper of the queen and the audacity of the vile and mercenary creatures who governed her. Their interest was followed in all things by a princess who trusted them, who lived in them, and who saw with their eyes. Their most ardent desire was to see her a widow and a regent, to enable them to reign in her name, and with an authority which should conceal their practices. To attain their object and enjoy their fortune, this regent must have a son who should be king only in name. He was therefore brought up with all the precautions most conducive to their ends and most injurious to himself. He was suffered to rot in idleness, in vacancy, and in such a perfect state of ignorance that he has often told my father that they did not even teach him to read. The court was carefully kept apart from him. It was a crime of the first magnitude to approach his apartments. He saw no one but a few servants, who were changed as soon as they were suspected. M. de Luynes* was the only courtier who was suffered to be near the dauphin, and to amuse him with a few birds in his aviary.

Such was the melancholy position of Louis XIII. when he lost his father. Every one knows with what composure, what levity, what indecency, the queen and those about her received that fatal intelligence which ought to have surprised and overwhelmed them, as it did the rest of the court; nor are the suspicions forgotten which attached to them for this crime, nor the measures by which Ravallac was interrogated, guarded, and ex-

* Luynes is commonly described, and is mentioned even by M. Guizot as a young page and companion of the king. But Luynes was twenty-three years older than Louis XIII.—he was a man when Louis was an ignorant child, and old enough to be his father. Luynes died of a fever before Montauban in 1621, being then forty-three. It does not clearly appear how this access to the king was granted to Luynes by the queen-mother and the Concini, when it was denied to every one else. He used it very effectually to destroy those Florentine adventurers, and to raise himself in their place.

cuted. The queen at the height of her ambition, and those who ruled her at the height of fortune, thought only to profit by it by narrowing the prison of the young king and rendering it more and more inaccessible. The disturbances excited by their miserable government were followed by a deplorable meeting of the *Etats Généraux*, and by the march to Guienne against the party opposed to the Spanish marriage, which was celebrated in November, 1615.

But the king, though crowned, declared of age, and married,* was not on that account more free or better educated. He was often refused leave to go out. The *Maréchale d'Ancre* sent him word not to make a noise overhead, and he had to obey or be ill-used by the queen, who one day boxed his ears. Such things were constantly happening, without the least alleviation or liberty. Luynes himself could only see him alone in the evening when he went to bed, under pretence of sending him to sleep. This at last roused him to the determination to break these bonds and to reign by arresting the *Maréchal d'Ancre* and by removing for a time the queen-mother. Luynes had taken secret measures to avail himself of the insupportable condition to which the king was reduced, and of the hatred caused by the bad government of the queen and the insolence and tyranny of these foreigners. He waited till the plan was complete to propose it to the king. It was to take him from a prison and place him on the throne.

This event happened on April 24, 1617, when Louis XIII. was fifteen years and a half old: the first five years of his reign had been spent in this horrible bondage. The wonder is that he emerged from it at all, and that the spell was broken so soon. The Concini, husband and wife, better known under the name of the *Maréchal* and *Maréchale d'Ancre*, were the creatures of Marie de' Medici, and certainly they deserved their fate. No court, no nation, was ever disgraced by more execrable and contemptible tyrants. Luynes no doubt intended that Concini should be murdered, as he was murdered by Vitry at the gate of the Louvre; but Saint-Si-

mon affirms that the king had given express orders that the life of the marshal should not be taken, and that, when he looked out of the window at the palace to witness the arrest, he repeated the same order to Vitry, who nevertheless shot Concini. But those who conducted the plot had more experience of the fate of favorites than the young king. Vitry maintained, falsely enough, that he and his men had fired in self-defence. "Mais ce coup," says our author, "qui étourdit tout le monde, qui esteignit une tyrannie universellement abhorrée, et qui portait en même temps les exécuteurs au pinnacle, ne pût estre qu'applaudi par terreur, par espérance, par bassesse, et il ne se trouva pas une seule voix qui osast ne pas confirmer tout ce que Vitry voulut alléguer."* The queen-mother instantly left the court and retired to Blois, where she remained in a sort of confinement for two years; her creatures were killed or dispersed, her toils broken for the moment, but only to be continually renewed in every form of treason and intrigue, until they led to her final expulsion from the country and her miserable death in poverty and exile at Cologne several years later. Such was the early youth of the king.†

By this stroke of policy or of crime Louis XIII. was liberated from bondage in April, 1617; but he was not yet sixteen years old. His only adviser, who rose by royal favor to an excessive rank and fortune, for he was made a duke, a peer, and constable of France, was neither a soldier nor a statesman. The attitude of the Protestants and the Protestant nobility amounted to republican independence. But the first enemy against whom the young king had to march his armies was his own mother, who, having escaped from Blois with the assistance of the Duc d'Epemon, levied war against him. The

* Though Saint-Simon exculpates the king and denies his knowledge of the intended murder, it is certain that he said with cool complacency in presence of the court, "*Le Maréchal d'Ancre est mort*," and that Vitry was immediately made a marshal of France in place of his victim.

† The first part of the "Memoirs" attributed to Cardinal Richelieu and published in 1730 under the title "*Histoire de la Mère et du Fils*," as a posthumous work of Mézeray, embraced this period from 1610 to 1620; but it contains no trace of the particulars related by Saint-Simon as to the youth and education of Louis XIII. The cardinal was at that time entirely in the interests of the queen-mother, from whom he expected and obtained his advancement. But we entertain considerable doubt of the authenticity of these memoirs. They have no literary merit, and not much historical value. They extend to twenty-nine books, and end in 1638, a time when the cardinal had other work on hand than to write memoirs, and, as is well known, he died in office in 1642.

* The king's marriage with Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III. of Spain, an alliance memorable for its results in many ways, had been arranged by the Concini and the queen-mother, who were doubtless in the service of Spain. The Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XIII., was betrothed at the same time to the heir of the Spanish throne, afterwards Philip IV. These marriages with the house of Austria were extremely unpopular in France, where Spain was justly regarded as a formidable enemy. To allay this discontent the *Etats Généraux* were convoked in 1614; Louis XIII. was declared of age on October 2, 1614, when he entered on his fourteenth year, and he opened the session in person. Richelieu sat in this assembly as one of the proctors of the clergy of Loudun. He was then twenty-eight years of age; but he did not enter the king's Council until 1624, and his power dates from August in that year.

campaign was a short one, for the towns of the south opened their gates to their sovereign. Richelieu, who was already acting for the queen effected a reconciliation. "How much you have grown!" said Marie de' Medici to her son when they met. "I have grown for your service," was the courteous answer of his Majesty.

It seems impossible to deny that this lad, still in his teens, and in most difficult circumstances, acted with spirit, judgment, and forbearance. He was not without the military spirit of his father and his race, he showed himself courageous and resolute, and at this time he was certainly not acting under the influence or direction of an all-powerful adviser, for we do not conceive Luynes to have had either political sagacity or military skill, though he had proved himself a daring conspirator and a rapacious favorite.

It was not unusual for princes of the blood royal of France to assume the command of armies at an early age. Condé was not two-and-twenty when he won the battle of Rocroy. Louis XIII., in his earlier years, was not deficient in military energy. The struggle with the queen-mother was speedily terminated by the combat of Pont de Cé. The young king immediately marched on the province of Béarn, where he restored the toleration of the Catholic faith, which the Huguenots had suppressed. He then entered Languedoc and Guienne, and soon afterwards besieged Montauban and took Montpellier, where he concluded with his Protestant subjects a temporary peace, which was again broken in 1625. To this period belong the two most important military achievements of his reign; and although Richelieu was now in power, and the merit of the siege of Rochelle and the passage of the Alps is ascribed by most of the historians of the time to that minister, Saint-Simon gives another account of these transactions. It is sufficiently curious to be quoted at some length.

The soul and strength of the party was La Rochelle. The king felt that this place must be taken, and the infinite difficulties of the enterprise only excited his courage and his resolution. It was necessary, before attempting so great and thorny a siege, to seize all the islands about the place, where the English landed with ease, and which were in communication with La Rochelle. These islands were the retreat, and a sort of arsenal and depot, of the party, the more convenient as they were well fortified and provisioned, and as they were alternately left dry or surrounded by the ebb and flow of the sea no vessels could enter

the narrow passage between these positions and the mainland. Troops therefore had to cross at low tide to attack them, with the risk of being cut off by the flow of the sea. Such was the imminence of the danger, which meant victory or death, and this at each of these islands and for several days. Everything being duly arranged, choice bodies of troops advanced at low water with all that was required for the assault. Louis XIII. watched these preparations at the head of the camp, without disclosing his intention to cross over to the islands and attack them in person. He rode in silence beside the advancing columns. At a certain distance from the camp he was warned that it was time for him to fall back in safety. Without an answer he marched coolly on, talking of other things. His attendants remonstrated and urged him to return; but on he went. At length he was told that the assault of these islands, garrisoned as they were, was a forlorn hope, and that the troops would be butchered. Then first replied the king, "I am well aware of it, and it is because I am aware of it that I mean to go myself. I cannot send troops to be butchered, but, if it is absolutely necessary, I can only lead them myself. So, gentlemen, I am obliged to you for your remonstrance, but we will say no more about it." He said this with the same coolness, and continued to march. My father, who heard the words, related them to me, and the inconceivable amazement of those who were present. Louis XIII. passed over to the islands at the head of his troops, conducted the attack in part himself, and gave orders for the rest. He fought in person, giving his orders with the coolness, foresight, and self-possession of a man writing in his own chamber; the isles were taken one after another under a heavy fire and with great loss. Soubise, who defended them valiantly and who had every means of defence, and to rely on his defences, was compelled at last to take refuge in his boats on the side next the sea, whence he escaped to England. But this was only the prelude to the famous siege of La Rochelle.

The received version of that enterprise is that the cardinal took the king down to La Rochelle to complete the destruction of the Protestant party and their English allies, and that Richelieu himself displayed on that occasion consummate military ability. The incident is the more interesting to us, as it was the scene of Buckingham's discomfiture, and exercised a considerable influence on the fortunes of Charles I. Saint-Simon entirely rejects this tradition of a *roi faillant*, and claims for the king the most important share in the action.

If the attack on the isles had shown both the military capacity and the courage of the king, these qualities were still more conspicu-

ously displayed in the protracted and difficult siege of La Rochelle. Louis, not relying overmuch on himself, listened to the various and often conflicting opinions of his generals, but he always decided on them himself, and even resolved on things suggested to his own mind by the discussions held before him. He gave his orders with the utmost foresight and vigilance, and watched the execution of them. He it was who first thought of shutting out the besieged from all assistance from the sea by means of that famous *digue* or mole, who made the plan of it, and by his indefatigable presence and perseverance caused it to be executed. I assert nothing here which my father did not see with his eyes and hear with his ears. No sooner was it completed than Louis XIII. redoubled his energy in pressing the siege. If he was well supported, it is not the less true that the jealousy of those about him, and other causes yet more criminal, were held in check by his penetration, and that it was his vigilance, his activity of body and mind, his matchless valor, his example, his presence in all places, and the impossibility of escaping his eye, which achieved a conquest that for the first time sapped the Huguenot power to its foundations. The king had the satisfaction of seeing the English twice fail, with a formidable fleet, against the fruit of his reflections and his exertions—I mean, against that famous mole which closed the port of La Rochelle—an eternal monument of the sovereign by whom it was conceived, willed, and executed.

This is the language of panegyric, transmitted to Saint-Simon by the enthusiastic devotion of his father to the memory of his master. Giving them credit for veracity as to the facts witnessed by the one and related by him to the other, this narrative certainly raises a strong presumption that the cardinal and his followers plumed themselves with honors in which the king himself deserved a larger part, and that Louis XIII. was not a listless spectator of this memorable exploit in war.

But this version of the siege is entirely opposed to the story accredited by other writers. The siege itself lasted from August 10, 1627, to October 28, 1628; from February to April, 1628, the king was not present at it, having returned to Paris on account of his health; during his absence Richelieu was appointed lieutenant-general of his armies, and was to be obeyed by all officers, civil and military, as the king. The cardinal is said to have directed the military operations and even the assaults. It was during this very time that the mole was completed. However, to this Saint-Simon opposes the direct testimony of an eyewitness who undoubtedly accompanied

the king in his campaigns down to the year 1637, when he withdrew from the court. The cardinal, or whoever wrote in his name, may have claimed more than he deserved in this matter.

No sooner was the siege of La Rochelle terminated than the king resolved to cross the Alps to the relief of his ally the Duke of Mantua, who was threatened by the Duke of Savoy and by the Spaniards. The plague was raging in the valleys, and the passes of the mountains were blocked with snow, for it was in the month of February. The entrance to Piedmont was guarded by the lines of Susa, a fortified pass of remarkable strength, which was held by the chiefs of the army to be unassailable. The king resisted their remonstrances. Cardinal Richelieu supported them, but with no better effect. The cardinal hoped to exhaust the royal patience by sheer *ennui*, but this was relieved by the introduction of a singer named Hyert, who gratified the king's passion for music, and who made his fortune by that chance, for his descendants for three generations remained attached to the households of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But there still lay the barricades of Susa.

By no other road could Piedmont be entered. This pass must be forced, or else the army must retreat, leaving the Duke of Mantua to be crushed by Philip (it should be *Charles*) Emmanuel and by Philip of Spain. The king would do neither. Day by day, and at early dawn, he explored and reconnoitred himself the passes in the mountain, which his generals declared to be absolutely impracticable. At last, as he conversed with the people of the country, he fell in with a shepherd keeping his flock. From him he learned that there were paths through the mountains which might enable him to attack the barricades, and he caused them to be examined by some of his generals, who still dissuaded him from so hazardous an enterprise. This detail, as well as all the rest, I had from my father, who never left the person of the king, being first lord-in-waiting and equerry, and singularly attached to his person.

All being prepared for the attack, the king behaved as he had done at the islands of Rochelle. Not only was he present giving orders with the utmost coolness and sagacity, but he supported in person the first detachments of the Grenadiers (to use a phrase of the present time), and he climbed up on their heels, sword in hand, pulled and pushed along till he gained the summit, fighting amongst his men with amazing valor against all that art and nature could oppose to their progress. The pass once carried, the army had to form on the other side. The Spaniards stood aloof, and

Charles Emmanuel surrendered at discretion. That haughty prince came to meet the king, who was at the head of his army. On arriving, he knelt down and kissed his boot. This submission, which Louis XIII. received without the slightest indication of alighting from his horse, or preventing the Duke of Savoy from so abject a surrender, produced its effect. The king stopped his army, and signed a treaty, five days after the passage of the barricades (March 11, 1629). Charles Emmanuel, a great and illustrious prince and soldier, could not long survive so great a humiliation. He shut himself up in his palace at Turin, fell into a profound melancholy, and died on July 26, 1630, at the age of seventy-eight, about fifteen months after he had implored in person and on his knees the clemency of Louis XIII.

It must be acknowledged that these exploits, which belong for the most part to the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIII., present him in a very different aspect from that of the feeble, sickly, and *fainéant* sovereign recorded in the conventional language of history. The solution of the problem would seem to be that in the course of a reign of two-and-twenty years the king's character underwent great changes. We have seen that from 1611 to 1617 he was a child and a prisoner under the absolute control of his mother. He assumed the government of France at a critical moment, for 1618 witnessed the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War, when the defeat of the king of Bohemia rendered the house of Austria all-powerful in Germany and preponderant in northern Italy, whilst the Duc de Rohan was declared general of the Protestant Churches of France, and his brother Soubise armed the coasts of Guienne and Poitou. It was at this time, likewise, that Louis distinguished himself by a vigorous, though ineffectual, attempt to save the life of the virtuous Barneveldt from his Dutch persecutors. The fact is not mentioned by Saint-Simon, but it does the king honor. Louis was able, unassisted, to deal, as we have shown, with these emergencies. If in his later years he was far from displaying the same energetic qualities, the change may be attributed to three causes: first, bad health and a melancholy disposition; secondly, the growing ascendancy of the genius of Richelieu; lastly, the incessant intrigues and conspiracies of his brother Gaston, in which his own favorites, and even the queen, his wife, were implicated. Richelieu was declared prime minister in 1624, chiefly on the recommendation of the queen-mother herself, to whose party he

had formerly allied himself, and by whose influence he rose. Saint-Simon counts it among the signal proofs of the king's judgment and resolution that in the prime of life and vigor of his age he consented to accept such a minister and invest him with all but supreme authority to the end of his days. He had, in fact, found out that what has been termed the true secret of kingcraft is to select the ablest minister he could find, and make him responsible for his actions. The queen-mother soon discovered that in raising Richelieu to office she had created a power superior to her own; indeed, from that moment the cardinal became the chief protector of the sovereign against a factious court. Saint-Simon had no predilections in favor of Richelieu, for one of the results of his promotion was the retirement of the elder Saint-Simon from the court to his government of Blaye; but although the father received no favors at the hands of the great minister, the son treats him with impartiality.* Thus, then, he discusses the question whether Richelieu governed his master:

The great events which have shed such lustre on this reign—the razing of the forts in the Valteline and the restoration of the Grisons to the sovereign control over their passes in the Alps; the entire subjection of the Huguenots and of the last traces of the Ligue; the diminution of the power of the house of Austria by the entry of the king of Sweden into Germany and his exploits there, and the admirable support given to his party after the death of that king; the affairs of Italy happily terminated; the acquisition of the three *evêchés* (Toul, Verdun, and Metz), which had been more than precarious since Henry II.; the revolution in Portugal, and a multitude of other affairs, slighter indeed, but all difficult and important, together with the maintenance of the Catholic faith and its exercise wherever it had existed before the Swedish occupation; the avoidance of a quarrel with Rome or of extreme measures against the Catholic League in Germany—are generally attributed to the powerful genius of Cardinal Richelieu. I do not affect to deny that he was the greatest

* There are some curious passages in the writings of Saint-Simon on the relations of the king with his great minister. Louis XIII. had fits of royal jealousy, and the Wolsey of France was not inaccessible to fear. Both seem to have had confidence in the elder Saint-Simon. Thus it is related in the "Memoirs:—" "It has often happened to my father to be roused in the dead of the night by a servant, who drew aside his curtain with a light, having behind him the Cardinal de Richelieu, who sat on the bed and held the candle, exclaiming sometimes that he was lost, and coming to consult my father on information he had received, or on scenes he had had with the king." On another occasion it was the king who came to visit Claude de Saint-Simon at night to complain of the cardinal.

man of his kind whom recent ages have produced; but it is not the less true that none of these great things were accomplished in his time without being previously discussed in profound secrecy between Richelieu and the king. Who then can say, since no third person was present, what was the share of each of them in first conceiving and digesting these measures, or in deciding on the manner in which they were to be executed—which of the two added, diminished, corrected? If it may readily be thought that Richelieu bore the larger part in them, and sometimes the whole, can it reasonably be contended that Louis had not his part also? And as they were not executed without his approbation, his will, his assent as king and master, he must have understood them, and felt their merit, their feasibility, their operation, their conduct. I repeat, it has never been denied that he had intelligence, valor, military capacity, and the love of what is great; add then the modesty, the humility, the contempt and renunciation of self, an aversion to flattery so sincere that, abjuring it for himself, he saw with tranquil serenity that it was lavished on his minister, and it may be said that Louis cannot be stripped of a large share in all that was planned and executed during his reign, although it was not possible that the whole meed of glory should not thus have fallen to Richelieu and remain ever since attached to him. The glory of Louis XIII. was to know that he deserved it and to despise it: what glory is more heroic or more rare?

On his return from Italy in the spring of 1630, Louis XIII. fell ill and lay in danger of his life at Lyons. The possibility of his death agitated the court with continual intrigues. Gaston, his brother, was heir to the crown; Richelieu was in power; the queen-mother was the rival of both in her own interest and in that of Spain, and her open hostility to the cardinal broke forth at last in the catastrophe of the *journée des dupes* (November 11, 1630), which has never been so graphically described as in these pages. We must somewhat abridge Saint-Simon's narrative.

The queen turned short on arriving in Paris. She declared to the king that, much as she had to complain of the ingratitude of the cardinal, she had at last resolved to be reconciled to him. The king desired nothing better, since this relieved him from the odious necessity of choosing between his mother and his minister. An early day was fixed on which the cardinal and his niece, Madame de Combalet, lady-in-waiting of the queen, who had been dismissed by her Majesty, were to attend her toilette, and be taken again into favor. The royal toilette was then attended by very few persons of high distinction. The queen was living at the Luxembourg, which she had

just completed; the king came backwards and forwards from Versailles to the hotel of the ambassadors in the Rue de Tournon to be near his mother. On the day of the great reconciliation the king went on foot to his mother's apartment. She was alone at her toilette, nobody being present but three women of the bedchamber, a servant or two, the king and my father, whom he brought with him and kept there. Madame de Combalet, afterwards Duchesse d'Aiguillon, arrived, but her appearance seemed at once to freeze the queen. The lady threw herself at her feet, with the most respectful and becoming language. She was clever, and I have heard my father say that on this occasion she showed it. But the icy coldness of the queen was succeeded by a fit of temper, then by anger, then by rage, bitter reproaches, a torrent of insults, and at last of such abuse as only fishwives use. The king tried at first to interpose, reminding the queen of what she had promised and of what was due to himself and to her own station. Nothing could stop the torrent. The king from time to time gave my father a look. My father stood motionless, hardly daring to look at the king. When he related this prodigious scene, he always added that never in his life did he feel so ill at ease. At last the king, exasperated, stepped forward, for he was standing all the time, took Madame de Combalet, who was still kneeling, by the shoulders, and said to her angrily that she had heard enough and should withdraw. Bursting into tears, she met the cardinal, who was just entering the apartment; he was so alarmed by what he saw, that he hesitated to proceed. He did, however, enter the queen's chamber, knelt before her, and was at first tolerably received. But very soon the tide began to rise, the storm broke out again; she called him ungrateful, treacherous, and a thousand pretty names, and ended by driving the cardinal from her presence forever. My father, still glancing at the king, has often told me that Richelieu looked like a convict, and as for himself he thought he should sink through the floor. At last the cardinal went away. The king shortly rebuked his mother for her behavior, and then withdrew on foot, angry. As they walked away he asked my father what he thought of all he had seen and heard. My father shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The court was thronged with people anxious to know what had happened. The king broke through them all, and withdrew with my father to his closet, where he threw himself on a sofa, and the buttons of his pourpoint burst, so swelled was he with rage.

The moment was come when a choice between the mother and the minister must be made, and the elder Saint-Simon proceeded, being ordered by his master, to explain at length why it was not the minister who could be sacrificed. This interview lasted two hours, and ended in the resolution of the king to maintain the

cardinal in power. Upon this decision the king desired the Duke de Saint-Simon to send word to the cardinal, as from himself, that he should wait upon his Majesty that evening at Versailles. In the anteroom was a gentleman of his own service — the father of Marshal Trouville. Taking him aside, he whispered in his ear to go at once to the cardinal, and tell him that he was to proceed on the duke's assurance that evening to Versailles. This done, he re-entered the cabinet, and remained another hour with the king.

No sooner did this messenger arrive than the cardinal, hearing from whom he came, unlocked his doors, and embraced him on both cheeks. They were packing his Eminence's carriages in the courtyard. The tables were turned. The conspiracy was dissolved. The cardinal was restored to favor, and so ended the Day of Dupes. Some efforts were made to allay the fury of Mary of Medicis, but in vain, and in July, 1631, she fled from France forever.

This story differs also in many particulars from the version which bears the name of the cardinal himself, who asserts that he in a manner forced his way into the queen's apartment. He also avers that the message of recall was sent to him by the Cardinal de la Valette and by the king himself. The fact seems to be that La Valette was sitting with Richelieu when the message from Saint-Simon arrived. We give the preference to Saint-Simon's account. His father was the only disinterested person actually present. It is admitted that the king asked and took his advice, and we have no reason to doubt that the scene is faithfully related by his son.

Nicolas Goulas in his memoirs omits the presence of Saint-Simon at this scene; he intimates that the cardinal found his way into the closet by a side door through the chapel, which the queen had forgot to bar, and that he entered the presence with a "visage riant et ouvert," saying, "I will lay a wager your Majesties were talking of me." This detail seems doubtful. But Goulas admits that it was the influence of Saint-Simon (the father) which mainly decided the fate of the day in favor of the cardinal and against the queen; for this service he was rewarded by being made a duke and peer of France, with the government of Blaye, and he played his part so well that he "raffermit le colosse ébranlé qui tomboit en ruine." Richelieu was more jealous of Saint-Simon than grateful to him, and, having failed in his efforts to save the life of the Duc de Montmorency,

Saint-Simon withdrew to Blaye; but the king remained in close correspondence with his friend, who returned to court on the death of the cardinal, and remained there for the few remaining months of the king's own life. Perhaps his retreat was dictated by a prudent observation of the fate of the king's favorites whilst Richelieu was alive.

Henry IV. had no relations, therefore no *infidos agians discordia fratres*. His domestic troubles were due chiefly to his own lenity and to the intrigues of his successive wives. The relations of Louis XIV. revered him and trembled before him as if he were a god; from the date of his majority no domestic cabal, no civil revolt, troubled the majestic autocracy of seventy years. The Fronde was an expiring effort of the factions of the preceding reign against Anne of Austria and Mazarin. But the whole life of Louis XIII. was a series of troubles, chiefly occasioned by the execrable ambition and disloyalty of his nearest kinsman. Richelieu is said to have struck down the great nobles of France, but the chief conspirators against the crown and against himself stood above his reach, for they were the queen-mother and Gaston, the king's brother, of whom Saint-Simon draws the following picture:—

Louis XIII. was one of the most unhappy princes who ever lived in his family and his domestic life. A mother as I have already depicted her, Italian, Spanish, with no knowledge and no spark of light, harsh, malicious in her own temper and by the influence of others, always abandoned to the interests and the will of obscure and abject creatures who for power and fortune poisoned her head and heart, rendered her haughty, jealous, imperious, arrogant, inaccessible to reason and always diametrically opposed to her son and to the interests of the crown; fickle, moreover, and subject to the changing influences of those who ruled her; without the least discernment and caring not at all for the troubles, civil wars, and disorders of the State in comparison with the wishes of the wretches who successively exercised a supreme authority over her.

A brother, who, with some talent and the gift of speech, allowed himself to be governed as easily as the queen his mother; who had no sort of courage, with little sense or discrimination, but sudden outbursts easily excited, and a weakness fearing all things and resisting nothing; ever ready to quarrel and to repent, rolling in a continual circle of rebellions, factions, and adjustments, without either supporting his part with spirit, or abandoning it with honor, even for himself, much less for his followers, since he sacrificed them as easily as he joined them, and slipped with

equal facility through the hands of the king, the queen-mother, and his own partisans. In spite of these defects, calculated to deprive him of any adherents, he always had as many of them as he wished, from the long sterility of the marriage of Louis XIII. and the bad health of that prince, which caused Gaston to be regarded for two-and-twenty years as heir presumptive to the crown; and after the king, whose health grew more and more precarious, had children, his brother was looked upon as the future administrator of the kingdom at no distant period, under the queen his sister-in-law, with whom he had already been intimately connected by common hatreds and affections. Both of them had long been attached to the queen-mother; nothing had ever interrupted the close alliance of the two queens, from the date of the marriage of Louis XIII., riveted by the Spanish passions which possessed them both, and by the open hatred they bore to ministers who thought as Frenchmen, and to the persons whom Louis XIII. honored with his friendship and confidence. On his mother, on his brother, on his wife, the king therefore had to look with continual suspicion. This domestic grievance was extreme and incessant; his mildness, his patience, his virtue, his attentions had never mitigated it, and this misfortune had commenced without him and endured throughout his life.

This dark picture of the character of Gaston is not overcharged. Profligate in his morals, treacherous to his brother, treasonable to the State, perfidious to his friends, whom he sacrificed without remorse to save himself from condign punishment, had he been a man of less than the highest rank, his ever-recurring crimes would infallibly have sent him to the scaffold. The "Memoirs of Nicolas Goulas" recently published by the *Société de l'Histoire de France* (to which we have already referred), though written by a devoted member of his own household, are a speaking record of his baseness and his iniquities, and one only regrets that he escaped the fate he deserved. It was he who sent Chalais to the block, after having implicated him in a plot for the murder of the cardinal. It was he who broke out into open rebellion in 1632, which cost the gallant and noble Duc de Montmorency his life, while Gaston made his peace with the king without an effort to save his victims. Lastly, it was he who was the soul of the great conspiracy of 1641, with the Duc de Bouillon and the court of Spain, which had Cinq Mars and De Thou for its instruments and its prey. The account given by Saint-Simon of this last transaction is so minute and so interesting that we shall cite it at some length.

M. de Cinq Mars, son of Marshal

d'Effiat, and a distant connection of Richelieu's family, had been introduced to the notice and favor of the king in 1639 by the cardinal himself. The king was infatuated with his young favorite, and loaded him with premature honors. The office of *grand écuyer* was vacated in his favor by the Duc de Bellegarde, and thenceforth Cinq Mars, a lad barely twenty, was known at court, as he is in the memoirs of the time, as Monsieur le Grand.

The cardinal did not doubt that these ties of birth, joined to such enormous personal obligations, would indissolubly attach this young man to his service, and that, Cinq Mars being the king's favorite, all the influence and information of that position would strengthen his own authority as prime minister. He was mistaken, against all human reason. He found in him ingratitude, ambition without limit and without judgment, in a word a most dangerous madman. The king's health became daily worse, the queen had given birth to a son the year before, a regency was near at hand. The rank of Gaston, and his relations to his sister-in-law the queen, promised him a great authority during the infancy of the future king, Louis XIV. Both mortally hated Richelieu. Cinq Mars did not hesitate to abandon himself to them, the one and the other, at a time when he could serve them, with a view to his future advantage. This policy was infamous; yet, if he had stopped there, it might have suited the purposes of a far-sighted scoundrel, capable of sacrificing all to the preservation and augmentation of his fortune. Cinq Mars had neither age nor experience to be wise; he was in haste to fly with his own wings. Richelieu, who perceived it, endeavored to check him, failed, grew angry, treated him ill, and Cinq Mars became his personal enemy. He did the cardinal all the mischief he could, which recommended him to the queen and Gaston, with whom at last he completely engaged himself in close alliance; with Montrésor and Fontailles* he also courted the friendship of the Duc de Bouillon through François-Auguste de Thou, of whom something must be said.

This gentleman was the eldest son of Monsieur de Thou, *président à mortier* in the Parliament of Paris, who died in 1617 at sixty-three, illustrious for many important offices and the integrity of his life, and celebrated for his admirable history of France, from 1545 to 1607. He married a daughter of Gaspar de la Chastre, Comte de Nancy, by whom he had François-Auguste de Thou, the subject of this notice. The son succeeded his father as grand

* M. de Montrésor was a first cousin of De Thou and very intimate with him. Louis d'Astarac, Vicomte de Fontailles, Marquis de Marestang, Sénéchal d'Armagnac, was one of the most active members of the conspiracy, and the most eager to put Richelieu to death; but he effected his escape when the plot was discovered, and lived on till the year 1677.

master of the king's library, an office he deserved for his erudition, and which connected him with the most learned men of the time. He was also a master of requests and a councillor of state, a title then readily granted. Books had not affected the grace of his manners, and had increased the charm of his conversation, which obtained for him many friends amongst men of letters, men of law, and at court, where the connections of his mother and the reputation of his father and grandfather gave him a ready access. All found him amiable, trustworthy, and faithful to his friends. This agreeable social position gave him a taste for the great world and diverted him from his profession; he aimed at the highest and the greatest; his friends were men of the utmost consideration, for the friendship of a man so much in fashion was a merit; his wit, his probity, his capacity, his discretion, gained him that of the great, whilst his manners, his politeness, his learning, his accomplishments, caused him to be adored by all the most cultivated persons of his time. That time was ever full of factions and of troubles; and though he appeared, and believed himself, to be without ambition, he feasted on all the manifold intrigues into which his friends of the highest rank continually plunged him. Friendship and mutual confidence gradually entangled him in relations with the queen, with Gaston, with the Vendômes, with the Maréchale de Bouillon, and the Duc de Bouillon, her son, and many others. These relations became intimate; he did not perceive the danger of them, and lost himself in the glow of these luminous exhalations.

Cinq Mars, such as he was, could not fail passionately to desire his friendship, and De Thou was not a man not to be enchanted to share, and that intimately, the friendship of so dazzling a favorite. The most complete and total confidence soon sprang up between them. Till then De Thou had been, or at least appeared to be, only the friend and confidant of personages of the highest rank, and the first importance, without taking an active part in anything. This last intimacy was fatal to him. Cinq Mars, enraged at the ill-treatment of Richelieu, the more so as he deserved it, had already conceived a design to ruin the cardinal at any cost, and threw himself, for that purpose, into all the schemes of the queen and Gaston. The prince did not dare to take a final resolution without having secured a place of safety on the frontier. Sédan was the only place into which he could throw himself in case of need, to treat with Spain and await her support. He had just before deceived the late Comte de Soissons and the Duc de Bouillon at Sédan, with whom he had treated, and whom he had even excited to revolt. The object was to win back Bouillon, whose treaty with the king, whose protestations and oaths were still quite recent, and who had not forgotten the inactivity of the Spaniards, and that he had only been rescued by the troops of the emperor. This it was which animated

Cinq Mars with an extreme desire to gain the friendship of the Duc de Bouillon in order to restore his confidence and alliance to Gaston. Whilst from Sédan Bouillon was treating with the king, who was at Mézières, De Thou, who had followed the court, made several journeys to Sédan, and at the request of Cinq Mars offered his friendship to Bouillon and solicited his in return. Nothing could be more welcome to so factious a person than a union with the favorite who promised him through De Thou to leave him in ignorance of nothing which might come to his knowledge. The matter having reached this point, and the treaty being concluded, Bouillon went twice to Mézières, where on both occasions he saw Cinq Mars alone or with De Thou. The union became more and more close; and Bouillon promised to receive Gaston at Sédan if he were obliged to withdraw from France. Somewhat later Bouillon engaged to come to Paris after the departure of the king for Roussillon; he was as good as his word. He saw Cinq Mars twice at St. Germain in his room; he saw him twice at Paris by night in the Place Royale, no one else being present but De Thou, who managed these rendezvous. From the Place Royale they went once to the stables of Gaston where that prince met them.* It was there that the draft of the treaty with Spain was read by Cinq Mars; and there it was resolved to send Fontrailles to Madrid. Bouillon, who had just accepted the command of the army in Italy, engaged to act there in conformity with the treaty. This document being drawn up and signed, Fontrailles was ordered to take it to Madrid, and to bring it back promptly concluded. De Thou exceedingly disapproved this treaty, but he kept the secret of his friends. Bouillon started for Italy, the king for Roussillon. The queen remained at St. Germain, Monsieur le Prince (Condé) at Paris where he commanded, assisted by the Chancellor Séguier for the transaction of business. Gaston begged off the journey, and remained at Blois. Aubigoux and Fontrailles insisted that Richelieu must be made away with; for this purpose they followed the court to Lyons, where Cinq Mars, in order to be in strength, had assembled a multitude of the nobles of Auvergne on the arrival of the king.

It was at Lyons that the blow was to be struck; but at the last moment their courage failed them. Fontrailles had concluded the treaty in Spain with the Count-Duke of Olivares, and brought it back with incredible diligence, signed. The queen knew these facts, and spoke of the treaty at St. Germain to De Thou.

* According to Goulas, who had the particulars from Gaston himself, this meeting was held at the Hôtel de Venise in the Rue Gilles au Marais, where the stables of the prince were then lodged. Gaston proposed that De Thou should not be present at the conference with Bouillon and Cinq Mars, as he said too many persons were in the secret; but he was overruled, and it was De Thou's presence on this occasion that cost him his life. He declared on his trial "*qu'il n'était coupable que parce qu'il avait des oreilles.*"

This treaty, signed at Madrid on March 13, 1642, by Olivares, declared in its honest preamble that the principal object of the union was peace between the two crowns, without doing anything against the king of France or his interests (an enormous imposture, as will shortly be seen), or against the interests of the queen (which meant that in case of the death of the king her right to the regency should be maintained); and provided that Spain should furnish twelve or fifteen thousand veterans; that, as soon as Gaston should be at Sedan, Spain would give him four hundred thousand écus to raise troops and a pension of twelve thousand écus a year, to Bouillon forty thousand ducats a year, the same to Cinq Mars, and one hundred thousand livres for the defences of Sedan, and twenty-five thousand livres a month for the garrison; that Spain and Gaston should not treat one without the other; that the fortresses taken since the rupture of the two crowns should be restored *bonâ fide*, whether bought or occupied, as Pignerol, Brissac, etc. (so the emperor was not forgotten by Spain); that Gaston and his party should declare themselves hostile to the Swedes, the United Provinces, the Catalans, and all the enemies of Spain; in case of the death of Gaston the same pension was to be continued to the two lords (Cinq Mars and Bouillon), and even to one of them.

A glance at this treaty demonstrates the impudence of its preamble. It was signed whilst Roussillon and Catalonia in revolt had given themselves to Louis XIII., and whilst this prince, ill as he was, flew to their rescue with Marshal de Brezé to hold Barcelona as viceroy of Catalonia, Marshal de la Melleraye to besiege Collioure, and Marshal la Mothe to command the army in Roussillon under the king, who took Perpignan.

De Thou, detesting the treaty in itself for France and thinking it mad and dangerous for his friends, resolved to retire to Rome, so as not to witness its success (which was to evade the result of his own conduct), and passing through Piedmont to tell the Duc de Bouillon what he thought of it. A quinsy in the throat prevented him from giving effect to this resolution. All was discovered. Bouillon was arrested at the head of his army, Cinq Mars and De Thou at the same time. The rest is well known.

All these things were confessed by Bouillon. Cinq Mars and De Thou were interrogated and confronted at Lyons, where they were committed to Pierre-en-cise, by the Chancellor Séguier and several commissioners. Gaston, sent for, and arriving near Lyons, acknowledged everything, and showed a copy of the treaty with Spain, as he had burned the original, affirming it to be exact and faithful. He too was interrogated by Séguier in presence of the commissioners, and entreated for pardon and mercy. He was stripped of his government of Auvergne, of his pensions, and reduced to live on his appanage far from the court with a suite of prescribed numbers. By

a declaration of the king registered in Parliament on December 5, 1642, the day after the death of Cardinal de Richelieu, Gaston was declared incapable of government for six relapses into treason (which are enumerated by Saint-Simon). These facts, heaped upon each other and augmented by a thousand more of less importance but of similar intention, speak for themselves, and demonstrate what Gaston was in relation to the State and the king his brother, whose patience and goodness towards him were inexhaustible.

De Thou, on the point of going to the scaffold, entrusted two letters to the Jesuit Mamburn, his confessor, the one for the learned Du Puy, his kinsman and friend, the other for a lady without any address. He exacted from the Jesuit under the seal of confession a promise that this letter should be delivered to the queen consort, and that its existence should not be disclosed to any one at all. The letter was to reassure the queen and inform her that her secret had been faithfully kept by himself as well as by Cinq Mars and Bouillon.

This is the best account we have met with of this celebrated conspiracy which led to such fatal results. We are surprised to find that M. Guizot, relying on the memoirs of Madame de Motteville, seems to think that the king was privy to the designs of Cinq Mars against Richelieu, and had been cajoled by M. le Grand at Perpignan. But he certainly was not privy to the treaty with Spain, and Richelieu opened his eyes to the enormity of the plot by sending him a copy of it. Richelieu discovered the conspiracy on June 9. Suspecting that Gaston was at the bottom of it, he sent that prince, on June 13, an order to assume the command of the king's armies in Champagne. This effectually deceived him, but he soon learned that on the very same day Cinq Mars had been arrested at Narbonne. This fact, which reached him on June 25, threw Gaston into a state of indescribable terror; he instantly resolved to disclose everything and to betray his accomplices, and he addressed five letters on the same day to the king, to Richelieu, and three other ministers, couched in terms of the most abject submission. These letters are still in existence in the National Library at Paris. The answer he received was that his own fate depended on the completeness of his disclosures, to enable the other prisoners to be convicted. The evidence of Gaston astonished Bouillon, and led him to speak too; the answers of Bouillon irritated Cinq Mars, and led him to implicate De Thou. This evidence was taken at Dombes, whence the prince was sent to Annecy, and he was to have

been confronted with his victims at Lyons. This, at least, he resisted in the most vehement manner; and it was agreed by the judges that the evidence of this "son of France" could be taken on a deposition, consequently without the least cross-examination. After this Gaston was allowed to return to Blois with his household. On June 28 a strange interview took place between Richelieu and the king, both of them being in bed and ill, in the same room. The cardinal reproached the king with such asperity that he shed tears, and consented at last to the execution of the prisoners. They separated on bad terms, for the king could not stomach the arrogance of his minister, nor the minister forget the ingratitude of the king. Louis XIII. displayed, however, no emotion at the fate of his former favorite, and, taking out his watch at about four o'clock on the day of the execution, he said with singular brutality, "M. le Grand va bientôt passer mal le temps." *

The participation of Anne of Austria in the plot is an obscure problem of French history. Saint-Simon believed it. She was undoubtedly extremely alarmed at the possible result of the trial, but Gaston said nothing to implicate her, and a letter was sent to her lady-in-waiting with a mysterious postscript: "Vous assurerez votre amie qu'elle peut dormir de bon sommeil." Yet Anne of Austria was as faithless to her husband and her adopted country as Gaston himself. We must leave Saint-Simon to sketch her character.

As for the queen, consort of Louis XIII., she was ever found to take a more than active part in every machination against that sovereign and against the State, wholly Spanish, never French, and by a conformity of inclinations indissolubly and intimately allied to the queen-mother; both of them hated alike whatever the king loved, and loved whatever he hated; both of them opened their arms to factions and the factious. She appears in the Chalais affair, not only diverting Gaston from a suitable marriage which the king desired, by frequent notes and other intrigues, but even favoring the notable scheme of shutting up the king as impotent, with a view to give the crown to Gaston and to marry him herself. Again at Lyons she hoped for the king's death, and took steps from that place to secure the hand of Gaston, and the king reproached her in full council, with the letters in his hands, with this scandalous enormity. She was exasperated by the Day of Dupes, and instantly her two closest confidants, the Du-

chesse de Chevreuse and Beringhen, fled the kingdom, to return immediately after the death of the king, the one to play a great part, the other to rise from the condition of a valet to that of first equerry of the king and Chevalier of the Order. The queen, bitterly complaining of the separation from her mother-in-law at Compiègne, continued her unbroken sympathy with her to the last. Suspected of practices with the court of Spain at Madrid, and with the Cardinal Infant, her brother, at Brussels, and warned by Chancellor Séguier of her danger, she made away with her secret papers. After this precaution could she be deemed innocent? Lastly, she was in confidential communication with Cinq Mars, Bouillon, De Thou, Gaston, and others. De Thou had two or three secret interviews with her about the conspiracy. It may therefore be said that she lived on treason from her marriage to her widowhood, and concluded that the mother, the wife, and the brother of Louis XIII. were the three canker-worms that ate away his life, and consigned him, even more than the ignorance of his physicians, to the tomb.

Married, by the intrigues of his mother, at the age of fourteen, to this Spaniard, it is not to be supposed that Louis XIII. ever felt any attachment to his wife. Their marriage, which could not be called a union, was long unfruitful: it was not till twenty-three years had elapsed that Anne of Austria gave birth to a son. Of the morals of Henry IV. and of Louis XIV. the less that is said the better. The one lived the life of a *paladin des dames*, committed a thousand follies under the influence of women, and remained an incorrigible rake at sixty. His grandson, the Grand Monarque, was equally frail, and only exchanged the ephemeral passions of his youth for entire subjection to the *venue* Scarron in his later years. From these foibles and vices Louis XIII. was pure, partly from temperament, partly from independence of character, partly from principle and virtue. Once, indeed, Mademoiselle d'Hautefort, a maid of honor to the queen, attracted his notice, and exercised an evident fascination over him. The king avowed his passion to Saint-Simon, but not to the object of it. The courtier offered his services in a manner which we should consider degrading, if not infamous. But to this suggestion Louis XIII. replied: "You talk like a young man who thinks of nothing but pleasure. It is true I am in love, I cannot help it, being a man; it is true that I am a king, and might therefore hope to succeed if I chose; but the more king I am, and the more I might hope to succeed, the more I ought to remember that

* These particulars are not mentioned by Saint-Simon: we quote from Goulas, vol. I., pp. 386-400.

God forbids it, and that he placed me on the throne to obey him, to give an example to others, and to cause him to be obeyed by those placed under me. The more I am in love, although I cannot but desire to see and speak with her who charms my eyes and my heart, the greater should be my self-control; and though I may share in the amusements which opportunity and human nature thrust upon me, the more I should avoid what is criminal and scandalous by remaining master of myself. Having read you this lesson, I forgive your imprudence; but never make another mistake of the same kind with me." Such language, if authentic, was worthy of Alexander or of Scipio, and no doubt the elder Saint-Simon repeated it to his son as a lesson to be remembered; nor did that son fail in the midst of a corrupt court to observe it. He affirms, with confidence, that Louis XIII. was a man of strong religious principle, which no doubt amounted to superstition, as when he dedicated his kingdom to the Virgin Mary. But though far more pious than his son, he was far less of a bigot. He crushed the civil insurrections of the Huguenots, but he respected their religious freedom. The Edict of Nantes remained untouched by Louis XIII., and the frightful consequences of religious intolerance, as described by Saint-Simon in this same volume, were unknown in his reign. Being a man of many faults and weaknesses, it is no small mark in his favor that he did not fall under the control of priests or of women. It might be said of him, as Lord Waldegrave said of George II., "Upon the whole he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one, none which were essentially bad." His nervous timidity was shown by his stammering in his speech: he narrowly escaped being called Louis le Bègue, instead of Louis le Juste.

On his return from Roussillon, and within a few months of the death of Richelieu, which took place on December 4, 1642, the failing strength of Louis XIII., then in his forty-first year, warned him that his own end was approaching. The king survived his minister but five months and ten days. His own experience bade him look forward with intense anxiety to what must follow — another minority, the dauphin being but five years old — another regency, and in the hands of another Spanish queen! He dictated his will to Chavigny, the most trusted of his ministers; and although he appointed the queen regent, and Gaston

lieutenant-general under her, "il les mit tous deux en brassière tout autant qu'il le pût sagement" — to use Saint-Simon's energetic expression. The Prince de Condé was named chief of the council of regency, and the existing ministers members of that council, from which they could not be removed. Having made these dispositions, he summoned his court and the Parliament to his chamber, ordered the will to be read aloud to the assembly, and then proceeded to exhort them, in language the more solemn that it fell from the lips of a dying skeleton, to carry on the government on the principles he had laid down. It was not given him to foresee that these arrangements contained in germ the struggle of the Fronde, between Condé and the queen.

About twenty-four hours before the king's death, a singular incident occurred, which had, in the eyes of Saint-Simon, a prophetic character, and is mentioned by him both in the "Memoirs" and in this volume. Seeing the Prince de Condé by his bedside, he said suddenly, "Your son has gained a great victory." No one understood the meaning of the words. The king expired on May 14. Five days after that event, on May 19, the younger Condé attacked the enemy at Rocroy, without orders, and won a battle which shed imperishable lustre on his name.

This supernatural revelation to the dying king, which Saint-Simon relates with a degree of faith bordering upon awe, does not rest on the evidence of his father, although he was doubtless present, but on that of a Venetian gentleman named Priolo, in the service of the Prince de Condé, to whom the prince related it with astonishment the moment after it took place. Priolo recorded it in an historical work afterwards written by him. We are afraid that modern credulity will not accept so much of the "prophetic strain" as to believe that Louis XIII. was conscious of a battle which was fought five days after his death.

As he lay on his deathbed at St. Germain, the king looked out on the Abbey of St. Denis, and looked on it with joy. He forbade all pompous ceremonies, and reluctantly allowed only such as were indispensable. He ordered the horses to draw his hearse, and desired that it should pass through as few parishes as possible, to save trouble to the clergy. He entered on these details so revolting to our nature with as much composure as if he was arranging a shooting-party or a journey, and this was done with so much simplicity that no one could suspect him of a tinge of affectation

or fail to admire his unbroken composure and his undaunted piety.

It is painful to add that this solemn scene was interrupted by a peal of laughter from the adjoining room. The king smiled, and merely remarked that this could only proceed from the queen and Gaston, who were near the fulfilment of their desires: he said no more. This parting touch is inimitable.

No doubt one may be led by the eloquent tenderness of Saint-Simon for the reputation of his father's friend and the vindication of an injured king to transgress the limits of a sober historical judgment. Such posthumous flattery is rare, and in Saint-Simon it amounted to the idolatry of a household god. It is impossible to compare the combats of Pont de Cé and Susa with the glories of Arques and Ivry, and the glow of romance which still sheds its lustre upon Henry Quatre is entirely wanting to the person of his son. But if Saint-Simon fails to exalt Louis XIII. to the height of his own enthusiasm, he succeeds at least in explaining the fatal causes which weighed him down. The king becomes an object of pity, not of contempt. The troubles which broke out at short intervals with sanguinary results, and even the blows struck by Richelieu at the great houses of France, were, as we have seen, mainly the result of the domestic treasons of the court and of the irritable ambition of Gaston and the queens, speculating on the early death of Louis. But though his life was short, and his reign, even including his minority, not a long one, it witnessed, and in part effected, the transformation of Europe. It established in France the absolute supremacy of the monarchy, and erected the pedestal which sustained for seventy years the unshaken throne of Louis XIV. It marked that passage from a period of arms and broils to a period of more polished manners and more refined intrigues, which conspicuously divides, both in England and in France, the beginning from the close of the seventeenth century. It faced the Thirty Years' War, which by its final results overthrew the ascendancy of Spain and the house of Austria in the affairs of Europe; and although the Treaty of Westphalia was not concluded until five years after the death of Richelieu and of Louis, the negotiations were begun by them, and the treaty is the permanent expression of their policy. That treaty continued to be the basis of the European system until our own days, and Prince Bismarck undid the work of Cardi-

nal Richelieu. The larger share in these great political events belongs no doubt to the minister, but it is unjust and absurd to deny to Louis XIII. the merit of having made the minister, assisted his counsels, supported his authority, and enabled him to execute his great designs.

We think, then, that Saint-Simon has, in spite of some exaggeration, succeeded in his main object, which was to leave to the world a more favorable portrait of this king, and to claim for him a broader place in history. He has sought to render this object more palpable by an elaborate comparison with the reign of his successor, upon which our limits forbid us to enter. But though he travels here over well-known ground, his pen was never more brilliant, or his invective more powerful, than in the rapid sketch of the reign of Louis XIV. Had the author condescended to revise his own manuscripts, he might have improved this "Parallel" as a work of art. But though he wrote with a flowing pen and a perilous contempt of criticism, every line is dictated by the same high feeling of gratitude and honor; it is hard to detect him in a contradiction or an inaccuracy; and it is the singular fate of Saint-Simon to bear fresh witness to the glory and the gloom of the times he knew of, after an interval of nearly twice two hundred years.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FINA'S AUNT.

SOME PASSAGES FROM MISS WILLIAMSON'S
DIARY.

VIII.

LAST night, instead of putting out my lamp quietly in my chamber, I found myself far away from Old Street, flying through the darkness and watching the countless lights of London twinkling into the distance. Josephine was beside me, scarcely less emotional and tremulous than when she came hurrying into my room to entreat me to start with her to poor little Fina's help. I had almost expected she would come, and I was ready to set off at once.

Opposite to us sat Pringle, Miss Ellis's maid, with a bulging bag and a packet of shawls. She had been sent as an escort, and it was not without difficulty that poor Josephine had declined the additional protection of Mr. Burroughes's presence on her journey.

A journey is a wonderful, noisy, rattling thing! Wheels, engines, objects of every shape and kind are whirling and tumbling in every direction, in order to carry you whithersoever you want to go. There we sat, side by side, watching the ghosts of trees and hedges fly past the windows, and the dark homesteads and the horizons, and the last pale streaks in the evening sky fading into darkness. The oil-lamp swinging from above lit up my companion's pale face and Pringle's elegant bonnet. It had been Miss Bessie's once, and the worthy woman had a *faux air* of Miss Ellis, not a little alarming at times. It was a relief to me when she neatly nodded off to sleep, incited by the snores of an old gentleman in the corner, who may have been somebody else's hero, but who has nothing to do with this story.

Josephine was excited, troubled, moved from her usual composure. She opened her heart to me as we went along, a sad heart full of solicitude and remorse. "If one knew what was best and did it," she said, "nothing else would matter much; but I didn't do it. I didn't do enough for Mary. I might have tried more, done more to influence my mother, held my own against Bessie's strong will—it is rather strong, you know," she faltered; "and now poor Francis Arnheim is ill, dying perhaps, and I am only a stranger to little Fina, a new, untried aunt, no familiar home friend coming to comfort the poor child."

"My dear," I said, touched by her natural, pathetic voice, "don't be afraid, don't undervalue yourself, Fina will turn to you. Sophy King has told me that Mr. Arnheim always speaks of you as the person he most looks to to befriend his daughter;" and then, as I said this, I remembered for the first time that Dr. Adams was already there, and that we were travelling after him, as fast as the express train could carry us. Some instinct stopped me as I was on the point of saying so. Poor Josephine had quite enough on her mind, without sentimental scruples superadded.

Paris rolled past us as a morning dream, with fountains playing and horses' feet and people's voices awakening the streets, and the tower-like houses still closed in morning sleep. Then came a long, long burning day, as we flew across the endlessly stretching plains. We reached Bâle, with its flowing river, late at night. Josephine would have travelled on, had it been possible, but next morning very early we started again.

Though we started early, it was late in the afternoon when we reached Interlaken — our journey's end as we imagined — and found ourselves jolting among the crimson velvet cushions of the omnibus of the *Hôtel des Alpes*, with its many gilt looking-glasses to reflect our dusty faces. Pringle and the bonnet were especially deplorable objects, though I must do the former the justice to say that she had struggled bravely with fatigue, luggage, and every incidental annoyance. We drove straight to the hotel. The day was ending. The sun had set behind the great snowy range. The *table d'hôte* was just over; a crowd of people were standing about the door; some of them stared at us, some did not even stare. The manager, the waiter, the chambermaid, the porter, all rushed mechanically to receive us. Poor Josephine looked at me, for she could not speak. In answer to my anxious question, they said Mr. Arnheim had stayed there, but it was at Grindelwald the accident had happened. His young lady had been sent for. There had been letters for us, they said, but they understood we were at Grindelwald, and had sent them on. He was very ill when last they heard, some days ago. It was very unfortunate.

Either the people could not or would not tell us more. Except this dismal fact of an accident, of which the telegram had not warned us, we learned nothing from them. "A carriage?" Certainly we could have a carriage, but the road was dark. There was a late *table d'hôte*. Would we not wait for it, and start next morning?

"A carriage directly," Josephine cried; "we will go on at once, if you please." Pringle gave one gasp of horror, and then stood grasping a parasol, and helplessly looking at me in a mute, piteous condition.

At that moment I remember hearing the distant echo of the music at the *établissement*. What an odd sensation comes over one when one appears to be alone, going against the stream of life! There were we, with all this sorrow before us; there were all these people, only thinking of music and of the passing hour.

Pringle was left behind, to follow in the morning. Josephine and I got into the little *Einspanner* with its strong grey horse, and trotted away through the closing twilight. The long, cool evening drive was perhaps more restful to us than anything else would have been. We were glad to leave the noisy hotel, with its

lights and garish company. The roads grew darker and darker, but we had a lantern to light our way; the horse's hoofs sounded sharply on the road, or hollow when they struck a wooden bridge; the stream went rushing through the black shadows; the trees rustled; winds from mysterious valleys came blowing in our faces; here and there far distant lights flickered from the farmers' chalets. The horse's bells jingled and jangled in a quieting, drowsy measure, but poor Josephine's anxiety was too great to let her rest. Now that the long journey was over, now that the end was so near, all her strength too seemed to fail. Neither the fragrant air nor the soothing sounds could reach her. The road seemed interminable. It was almost midnight when at last we reached Grindelwald. As I looked round, in the light of the last lingering village lamps, I might have recognized some of Sophy's descriptions, but my poor companion's anxiety and exhaustion preoccupied me entirely. She was trembling violently. The carriage rolled into a courtyard, where the stars were still alight, though everything there seemed to have been blown out for the night; but at the sound of our carriage wheels, a lantern flashed, some one came to a side-door, and opened it. My heart sank, and I seemed somehow to know we were too late.

"Is a gentleman lying here ill?" said Josephine, in an odd, husky voice. "Is Miss Arnheim up? Are we expected?"

"No one is expected," said the man. "Will you come in? Come in." And through the darkness a groping hand was put out.

"We must get out," said Josephine quietly. "There is nothing else to be done." And then, leaning against the doorway, she looked hard at the man's face. The light fell upon her anxious eyes and upon his placid, weather-beaten features. He shook his head. "The young lady was fetched away by her friends to Meyringen," he said. "The doctor is come back, he will speak to you." And he held back the door for us to pass into the hall. Then he kindly and clumsily opened a second door and led us into an empty dining-room, dark and bare, with cleared tables and one dim-burning light. "Sit down," he said, pulling a chair, into which Josephine sank, very pale, and as if she were going to faint. He patted her kindly on the shoulder. "I will get you some hot wine," he said. "I think the doctor is not yet gone to his room," he continued; "he was

smoking on the terrace not long ago. The poor gentleman did not suffer long. He was out alone on the glacier. We all know the dangerous place, but he did not. A rock fell from the cliff. Some shepherds found him. He was gone."

We neither of us spoke. Josephine sat quite still, quite exhausted. It was all over, and she sighed and did not move. Then I heard a door bang, and footsteps. Even at that moment I could not help speculating as to who the doctor might be. Was it the one doctor in all the world best able to help her? Was it, could it be, John Adams? I heard steps again coming nearer and nearer, and advancing. Then I looked at Josephine, whose face had been turned towards the door, and by her face I knew who it was who came in at that moment. She put up her hands. "You, John!" she said quite simply, and utterly amazed. Then, as he came up out of the darkness, very grave and silent, holding the pipe which he had been smoking between his fingers, something in his gravity and silence, something in his look, at once touched and softened her tight-bound heart. "Poor Francis gone — and *you* —" She burst into a great flood of warm, passionate tears, and hid her face in the outstretched hands he had not taken.

"I see," he said, "you heard the worst. Poor fellow, he only lived a few hours! We laid him in his grave three days ago. I — I have just come from it," he added quietly.

"And Fina?" I asked, for I saw that Josephine could not speak.

"Poor little Fina! she is with Miss King, at Meyringen. I left her there this morning. We expected you would have gone straight to her. She was not here," he added, "when the accident happened. Her father had come up for the day to arrange about some music at the church. Poor Arnheim!" said the doctor, "his music is silenced now."

Dr. Adams was, I suppose, very kind. He said all that ought to be said; that we must be tired; that we ought to go to bed. He hoped we would let him know if there was anything he could do for us. "I imagined you would have gone straight to Meyringen," he said. "Miss King is with Fina all day. The hotel is quite full, and the child is staying at the convent. She is quite well, she knows the nuns, but it will do her good to see friends. I suppose you will wish to go to her the first thing in the morning," he added. "This man will see about a carriage for

you. He is an intelligent fellow, and understands these things better than I do."

After the first moment of emotion, as soon as he had time to remember, he seemed to become embarrassed and cold. His estranged voice filled poor Josephine's brimming cup. She got up, tried to stand, and fell back into the chair.

The porter who had let us in put out a strong arm, and helped Josephine, still half fainting, to her room. I saw the doctor make a half motion to come to our assistance, but he drew back almost immediately.

"Good-night," he said, looking hard at Josephine for an instant, and then he walked back through the open window to the balcony.

"The Herr Doctor's room leads from the balcony," said the man. "I can bring the lady tea. I have hot water. Tea is good when you are tired."

Here was this casual porter helping us with friendly cheer, while he who should have done more than all the rest to befriend my poor Josephine went off with his odious pipe. I was in a rage with the doctor.

IX.

I ROSE early next morning with a purpose in my mind, and dressed myself and knocked at Josephine's door, but she was not in her room and did not answer. It was a bland and lovely morning, with indescribable peace in the air and in the dawning sunlight. This peace and tranquillity seemed everywhere, in all the place, on the steep slopes, on the wide shining valleys, on the clear mountain line that seemed carved against the chill sky. I needed not to ask my way to the church. I walked quietly up the village street and across the bridge that spanned the stream. I could see the quaint-shaped spire with its leaden nightcap at the turn of the road. The church stood in its sacred little garden, the shadows of the many crosses and footstones were slanting on the turf, the flowers were glistening with morning dew, so were some foot-steps that had already crossed the grass. An old man was at work, feebly striking with an iron bar at the churchyard wall, and when I asked him to show me poor Arnheim's grave, he amid his blows raised one hand and pointed, saying in his German, "That is the grave where the mourner is standing," and then he bent to his work once more.

Josephine, the mourner, as the old man called her, stood very still, with clasped

hands and a drooping head; some quick, heavy, large tears were falling from her eyes—tears of pity, of remorse for the past, and few remembering tears, alas! are without some such salt in them. She held out her hand to me. It was only for a minute that we stood there, saying good-bye in our hearts to our old friend.

"I will try, I will try, to make up to Fina for all the things in which I have failed to them," said Josephine, in a low voice; and then she burst out crying once more; then stopped short and wiped her eyes and looked up into my eyes, and her face looked very sweet. As we came back the little street was waking and bustling into the day; the first sweet blinding rays of morning light were dazzling and striking upon the stream and the windows of the houses; the mountain-tops flashed; the mighty Wetterhorn seemed almost floating in early radiant mist. Other travellers were assembling in front of our hotel, where our carriage was already being prepared. Our friend the porter was at his post, discussing some point with a neat little old man in knickerbockers; a short, stout lady, accompanied by an artistic-looking person in a cloak and a troubadour-like hat, was handing parcels to a guide and directing the loading of a mule. The coffee-room, which had seemed so silent and dreary the night before, was cheerful enough now, and full of clatter, which is not bad furniture in its proper place and time. One or two people were breakfasting at the little tables; jugs were smoking, insects buzzing round about the honey-pots; an energetic waiter was chasing coffee-cups and wasps, and tumbling over the chairs and the breakfast-tables. John Adams, with a great pair of horn spectacles on, came into the room just after we had entered; he was evidently looking for us, and Josephine went to meet him. She had taken off her long cloak and was carrying it on her arm; her broad hat still shaded her face; her eyes were still soft with tears. She looked very sad and sweet, I thought, and she put out her hand.

"Perhaps you will soon come over to Meyringen and see us," she said, simply. The great emotions of life, even its regrets, make people real, and not ashamed of being themselves for a while, and Josephine was herself at this moment.

I saw the doctor brighten and look pleased. What he said I don't know, for I had many other things to attend to. I

had to pour out the coffee, to ask for the bill, to add up all the little figures curling into strange 9's and 5's. But while I did the sum, some vision passed before my eyes. I could imagine this gentle, womanly woman happy at last, and making others happy, in a home brightened by the warmth of its own warm hearth. For once, all seemed likely and propitious. I did not now regret the mistake which had brought us so far out of our way. Mistake — it seemed some friendly interposition of benevolent fate which had thrown us all together.

Our little carriage was waiting alongside a string of mules and horses drawn up for the use of some adventurous travellers who were starting on their day's expedition. The guides came stumping into the courtyard, dressed in their loose brown clothes; some little puppies were tumbling out of a stable, barking, and rolling over and over in the sun; some children came shyly to the door, offering Alpine flowers, brown stalks with yellow heads (which description, by the way, applies to the children as much as to their posies). As we drove off, I could see the whole cavalcade filing down the hill, across the torrent, and beginning to climb the steep staircase leading to the Little Scheideck. I could also see the doctor standing, watching us from the inn until the road turned. Josephine looked back once, and seeing him there blushed crimson.

Putting the sad real purpose of our journey aside, I pleased myself for a few minutes with a little fairy-tale, in which it seemed to me as if Fortune had amused herself by complicating feelings and people and sentimental interests into a hopeless tangle, and then, being in some good-natured mood, she had transported them all — perplexities, regrets (nothing is so hopeful in love making as a little regret), into this sweet green valley, where amid the fragrant pines and the green Alps, and the gentle radiance of white and golden flowers and veils of soft verdure, to the soothing rush of mountain streamlets, and the solemn serenities of white snow and clear-cut peak, fate ceases to be fate, and becomes kind and commonplace and homelike, and separations turn to meetings, and to fidelity; and sensitive humility and self-mistrust change to gratitude, to intelligent sympathy, and trust.

Our way lay by the Great Scheideck, as it is called, to Meyringen, which is but a day's journey from Grindelwald. You

climb up into the clouds, you take breath at Rosenlauri, you descend into a deep valley, and there is Meyringen.

I believe that in all Switzerland there are few more lovely sylvan passes than that one between Grindelwald and Meyringen, by the baths of Rosenlauri. Part of the road lies through a wood, like one of Shakespeare's sylvan forests, and then you travel on by noble downs, to Rosenlauri, which is only a mountain inn near a glacier on the Meyringen side of the Upper Scheideck Pass, but it is a favorite resting-place with travellers. Here is food, here is wine. Here is shade to rest in after that burning climb along the rocky pass; the torrent foams along the gorge; mosses and sweet green things overflow its rocks; goats are browsing on the fine grass and flowers; delicate clouds from afar come floating along the rocky points and clefts and ridges. The sky burnt violet without a veil that day as we rode up and dismounted at the door. But though nature smiled upon us, our eyes were in no grateful mood; the thought of that terrible chance which had befallen poor Arnheim haunted us at every step. It was midday when we reached the baths. The earlier part of the road had been trying; the sun was very hot, the mules were weary, and needed rest; and the way, to our impatience, seemed longer than it really was.

The host showed us up smilingly into the usual wooden dining-hall, where two attendant Swiss maidens were coming and going with glasses of beer and country wine, and with smoking portions of kid suited to the tastes and purses of the travellers. Here, too, was the usual balcony or terrace, with a lovely spreading view of cloud-capped mountains, of rushing streams, and green pastures. The Wetterhorn is the presiding deity of this lovely valley.

I said something of the sort to Josephine, but she only answered: "It seems as if all the mountains in the world were between us and Fina; we shall never get to her;" and then Miss Ellis impatiently pushed away the plate which had been put before her. While John Adams had been present she had borne the suspense with less difficulty. "An hour's delay will not make much difference to the poor child," I said, trying to calm her. "Fina is with friends."

"Friends!" she repeated. "One can't count much upon friends — except indeed dear old tried friends like you. Friends keep away when they might be of comfort

and of use. They come when they can only bring discord and pain by their presence." She spoke excitedly, and scarcely looked like herself.

"I cannot think why Doctor Adams did not come on with us a little way," I said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as I could muster.

"Don't you see that he only left because we were expected?" said Josephine. "He said as much when I asked him if he would not come over and see us," and she looked at me hard.

There are times when one would be thankful to be wiser than fate, to say some word by which to reconcile and explain away facts as inexorable as these mountains on either side; but I could think of nothing. I was too much disappointed to pretend not to understand. I could only heap her plate with wood raspberries by way of showing my sympathy. We were not the only occupants of the big *salle*. All the while we had been talking a voice had been scolding steadily from the balcony outside, while at the other end of the room a couple of athletic clergymen, dressed in a certain grey and black plaid which the clergy affect on their travels, and with beards, and with a trophy of umbrellas and knapsacks between them, sat enjoying their cutlets and their subdued jokes. The scolding voice on the balcony was anything but subdued — "Well, then, you should have seen that it was in time. It is inconceivable. I desire you to see that the mule is ready — and I am kept waiting, ten minutes, who knows, ten hours. Ring the bell (ding dong). Do you call that ringing the bell? Ring hard, or they never come (ding dong, dong dong). Mossieu, Mossieu! Vieni ici! Why have not they brought my mule? What does he say, Eliza?" "He says it is there, Aunt Matilda, waiting in the shade." "Really, Eliza, I sometimes think you mean to laugh at me. Now then, do think of something for yourself. Get me my *capote* and my large *ombrelle*, and do not be an hour about it." Then came a tap of heels, and two women bundled across from the window to the door.

How vividly I can see it all! At the time the scene made but little impression upon me. Now, as I think of it, the figures rise before me like the witches' ghosts in Macbeth, and the midday heat, and the scolding voice, and the hum of wasps, and the sense of the great and lovely world without, all overshadowed by the thought of the poor little daughter

waiting in the valley below. That poor child's tears dimmed the splendor of the summer day.

We reached Meyringen, stumbling and sliding down the precipitous road, walking most of the way, and only mounting again at the foot of the pass. Meyringen lies in a valley among battlements of granite, natural outposts of rock, boundaries that enclose you on either side. The Gremsel rears its stony forts across one far end; only to the west do the rocky gates seem to open out, where the sun sets radiant, unconfined, over lakes and across gentle slopes, where distant towns gleam by distant waters.

Holiday-makers from the north and the west come up this valley on their way to Italy, and struggle over rocks and snow and dreary heights into shades of chestnut — into the languor and wonder of Italy. Notwithstanding the icy gates of snow and rocks that separate Meyringen from that happy land of Goschen, whither we all turn wistfully at one time or another, some flash of Italian sunshine seems to play upon the village, with its vine-bound galleries and windows, on the pretty square terrace and the balconies of the inn and its flight of stone steps upon which we dismounted.

X.

THE usual guard of honor turned out to receive us — landlord, landlady, the cook from the kitchen, the waiter from his kingdom of knives and forks.

"Here you are," cried Mrs. King's shrill little cracked voice from a balcony, from whence she waved her pocket-handkerchief, and through the midst of them came another figure, Sophy King herself, in her muslin dress, with a straw hat on her head, carrying something in a little covered dish, which she set down quickly when she saw us, and came with two wide cordial arms flying to meet us.

"At last," said she, "at last! Where did you go to, you poor things? We were almost despairing of you when Dr. Adams telegraphed this morning to say you were coming. Dear Fina is longing to see you. I have not left her since her good doctor went away. He waited until he heard of Miss Ellis coming."

I could not think what odd change had come over Josey. She began a set speech to my annoyance, something about — "I am sure my mother and I have every reason to be greatly obliged to you for your great kindness to Fina. I hope you will now be relieved from your watch."

"Relieved!" said Sophy, greatly hurt. "I don't want to be relieved, though I was glad you were come. Would you wish to go to her or to refresh yourself first?" she asked, with some shade of sarcasm. "If you like, I will go on and tell her you are coming, and the landlord will show you the way."

"We will come with you," said I hastily, "dear Sophy. It has been such a comfort to think of her with you all this time."

"You know she is in the convent," said Sophy, relenting a little; and then going back for the covered dish, she added: "The nuns' fare is rather austere, so I get the landlady to help it out. The convent is close at hand." And so saying she set off quickly.

I seemed to hear voices buzzing on every side, and people saying that the friends of the poor young lady had come. One person and another joined on to our little procession, still headed by Sophy carrying her dish. Then came Josephine, silently following with her silk dress trailing; she looked stern and pale, I thought. At such a time, with such a meeting before, surely jealousy and egotism should have had no place in her heart, and indeed, by degrees her better self asserted itself; her looks changed and softened, the thought of the little lonely girl must have put out all others less worthy. Sophy once glanced at her over her shoulder, and then, seeing that she was crying, softened in a minute.

It seemed to me as if all the inhabitants of the hotel must have come down from their various balconies to follow us and our guide stumping ahead in her straw hat. She led us past the châteaux and the balsam-pots, past the church and the fountain, to the market-place, at the corner of which the convent stood. It was a curious tall house built upon piles or arches.

"Our sisters keep a school," said the landlord, who had also joined us, having only waited to get his felt hat. "They know Miss Arnheim well. Allow me, Missis," — to Sophy, as he nimbly ran up the stone steps and rang the bell, conscious that the eyes of the whole company were upon him. Besides the people who had come along with us, were all those assembled in the wine-shop with the red curtains opposite. I could see eyes peeping curiously from between the flower-pots in the window and from the doorway. The bell swung with a melodious deep clang, the low door opened, and the

landlord, still leading the way, stepped into a cool passage painted in black and grey, and passed under grey stone arches leading to a steep wooden staircase, an oaken ladder leading to an oaken heaven, where some very dirty little angels were flapping their wings and scratching on slates under the supervision of a sister, who looked up smiling. She had a bright face framed in black muslin frills, that seemed intended to shade bright eyes and rosy cheeks and the unholy radiance of health and youth that lingered in her smiling face. Perhaps this is an article in many of our creeds, and we are only too ready to consider as sacred those earthly veils of black, those cobwebs of dust and disappointment, that fall upon us all in our life's journey until one day we find that these too pass away.

"We are glad to see you," said the nun kindly; "the poor child will be glad. She is asleep; go up, go up."

Fina, wearied out, had fallen asleep that hot autumn afternoon in the little bare room to which the kind and pitying nuns had brought her. The window was open; all night she must have seen the stars twinkling in the sky, while she tossed to the distant roar of the mountain torrent; and now by day the sun streamed through the deep casement, half shut out by a green curtain, and the sound of the torrent came still, but softened by daylight and its many echoes. She had fallen asleep, tired out, lying on the outside of her bed, with all her dark hair tangling on the pillow. She slept, and peace came, for she was smiling in her dreams. A round-faced sister standing in the doorway peeped at her, and gently crept across the room and drew back the blind. The child started, and awoke with a little exclamation.

"They are come, darling," said Sophy, standing by the bedside, and flinging her arms round the little prostrate figure.

"Who are come?" said Fina, bewildered still. "Is mamma come?"

Alas! "they" only meant Aunt Josephine — only meant me, a poor, helpless old governess. Fina did not repel us though she broke out crying again. She rose slowly from her bed in her long white dressing-gown and came to meet us, and lay in Josephine's close-folding arms.

"Oh, yes! you are like mamma," said Fina. "She used to kiss me as you do." Then she went on: "Just now I was dreaming, and I thought papa was giving me a music lesson, and mamma came with the light and I awoke. It must have

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been the light from the window when the nun drew the curtain back."

Poor little maiden! Though veils and frill-caps do not seem to me sacred, though lighted candles seem little worth the solemn protests of belief which are given to them, other symbols there are, other signs and sacraments, which few among us do not acknowledge. A child's trust and admiration for its home relics and beloved home saints, a father's ceaseless, tender, protecting love, seem to me among the most holy things of life. These simple creeds and early unquestioning beliefs are not less true because, as time goes on, other things less complete, less easy to understand, less home-like, arise. The day comes, indeed, when children leave their mother's arms and their father's sheltering care; they have to struggle for themselves, to accept doubts, and disappointments, and perplexities—some human, some ghostly; but not the less true are these simple traditions because of the wider and more complicated experience of later life. There is something almost supernatural in this book of childhood, of common things and common people made wonderful to the love of baby eyes.

It was fortunate we came when we did, for almost immediately after our arrival Fina fell ill. For ten days the poor child, parched by burning fever, lay tossing in her little convent room. I telegraphed to Dr. Adams, who had gone back to Interlaken, and who came at once. His presence was the greatest help and comfort to us all. What did we not owe to his skill and perseverance as day after day went by? It was a curious phase of existence. The little nuns, who were kindness itself, let us come and go as we liked, while they kept their monotonous and peaceful rule. We could hear the hymn from the chapel as we sat by Fina's bedside. Sometimes it seemed to keep time to the mountain thunders, for the weather was unsettled during Fina's illness, and storms were constantly breaking.

The doctor always spoke very cheerfully, and declared that his patient was much too well nursed not to recover; and, indeed, the result proved that he was right.

The first time that Fina was out of danger, I left Sophy King beside her, and went with Josephine for a little stroll through the village air. As we passed the clockmaker's shop, the doctor came out, stooping over some glasses he held in his hand, which he was trying. He

looked up quickly, nodded, and smiled gravely as we went by, but did not speak. Josephine flushed, as she always did when she saw him.

"He has gone back to his experiments," I said, "now that he is no longer anxious about his patient. As Sophy says, Fina certainly owes him her life."

"Dr. Adams attributes Fina's recovery to Miss King's wonderful nursing," said Josephine; "she repays his compliments."

What childish creatures human beings are after all, and how oddly that which somebody else prizes or despises gains or loses in value in our eyes! Poor Josephine did not need any one to teach her to love John Adams, as I knew better than Sophy did; but she had not been able, so it seemed to me, to appreciate him hitherto. She would not own it, and yet Bessie's supercilious strictures must have had a certain effect upon her mind. That is just the difference; people can influence our minds, but not our hearts. They can prevent us doing justice to the powers of others; but they cannot prevent us from feeling in unison with them, from realizing certain inexplicable links that bind us mysteriously together.

The doctor, for some time, seemed unaware of the jealousy between the two, and went his way; but one day, coming in upon a discussion, he spoke very sharply to Josephine, who had refused to give up her place by Fina's bed when Sophy's turn for watching came round.

"A good nurse not only knows how to watch her patient," said he, "but when to leave her post; she takes rest when necessary, and does not give unnecessary trouble to other people."

Josephine got up at once, but I met her in the passage in tears soon after. Poor soul! her heart yearned after the child, and she would gladly have carried her away from every one of us.

These troublesome confusions of life are among its most painful experiences, the too much which is no less vexing than the too little. Things which might have brought so much blessed joy and tranquillity only seemed to lead to pain and complications.

I remember walking home to the hotel one night, and speculating as to what might have been if only the Ellises had behaved in a more reasonable manner. Nobody's feelings would have been wounded, not even my poor Sophy's, who would never have come across this doctor at all. If anything could have added

to my annoyance, it was a letter from Mrs. Ellis, which I found waiting for me in the bureau, directed in her pretty, old-fashioned writing.

"If I were not afraid of being more hindrance than help, I would come off at once," the old lady wrote. "My heart is with you, and with little Fina, and my child Josephine. Dearest Miss Williamson, I know I can trust your kindness and discretion. I hear from my daughter that Dr. Adams is at Meyringen. It is easy to surmise what has brought him once more upon the scene. Pray take care that my dear child is not carried away by any passing feeling of pity. He is a complete stranger to me and mine; he does not belong to anybody I have ever met anywhere. You can understand what my anxieties must be when I think of my poor girl's future, and how I have regretted this wayward fancy of hers. But all the same, it is possible, Rose says, that we may have been hasty in our conclusions; and if you should have an opportunity, pray give my compliments to Dr. Adams."

And so, after behaving in this unconscionable manner, and insulting a person of whom we knew nothing, we were now prepared graciously to change our minds and send him our compliments. It was all very well, but I was far from certain that the doctor had not changed his. The Ellis family seemed to expect that the whole world was made for them and their excellences. On the whole it seemed to me that if the doctor changed his mind it would not be a bad thing for him. Sophy would be much cleverer, more livable, cheerful, and comfortable than Josephine, and might suit him a great deal better. Ah! what treason was this? Forgive me, solemn hills, and steadfast, ever-fixed stars! Is love a bargain? Is it a bargain to be weighed and sold and bartered? or is it a blessing, a mystery, unexplained, granted to man in mercy, and coming to redeem and shape anew the pangs and sordid schemes of daily life?

My perplexities were solved by no less a person than Sophy's father, who rejoined his wife and daughter at the end of a week. He would not hear of remaining at Meyringen. Fina had her own friends, he said; the place was close, very close, and stuffy; he heard there was a good cook at Rosenlaui; he wanted to get higher up. Sophy, very loth, very reluctant, came with tears in her eyes to take leave of us all. It was a great pang to her to have to go just then. She

said good-by to me with tender effusion, to Josephine Ellis with scarcely concealed relief. "You will write daily, and tell me about Fina," said Sophy wistfully, and holding me by both hands. "I can't bear to leave her." And her eyes winked and radiated as they did when she was moved.

"She has the best of doctors, at any rate," said Mrs. King, wishing to console Sophy. "And you know, Sophy, he has promised to come up and tell us about them all."

"Then we need not trouble you with letters," said Josephine quickly. "You will hear all you want to hear from Doctor Adams."

Sophy opened her eyes. "You needn't write if you don't feel inclined," she said good-temperedly; "but I shall be always grateful for letters, and I will get everything ready for you when you come."

"I beg your pardon," Josephine said suddenly, all ashamed, and looking very charming as she came up and flung her arms round Sophy's neck and kissed her, and Sophy gave back her kiss with a friendly nod.

To be ugly is quite a different education from that of being beautiful. As a rule, ugly people are less shy, and much more polite than the beautiful; their friendship is perhaps less fastidious. Josephine was older than Sophy, but she knew far less of the world, she was more reserved, less able to battle with life. I had come to understand the poor doctor's odd estrangement, and the meaning of a certain irritable manner which had puzzled me at first. The doctor, with all his simplicity, knew something of men and women. He was too observant, too much used to watch his plants and his insects, not to mark peculiarities in the people among whom he lived. Sophy's undisguised, warm-hearted admiration was touching but bewildering too. Here was a woman all ready to love him, and there was the woman he had loved. Shy, prim, jealous, not indifferent, as I knew, — but how could he know it? — perhaps he could not help contrasting the two, not always in Josephine's favor. And in the same way Fina loved her aunt already with something of the sweet, wayward worship she had given her mother, but Sophy was her friend and playfellow and companion. Poor Josephine felt as if here, too, Sophy came between her and her heart's desire.

One day there was a great storm; the thunder echoed overhead among the mountain peaks and crannies. Then a

mist rolled down, darkening and hiding everything from our eyes. Then the rain fell in steady torrents, pouring and increasing hour by hour. At last the rain ceased, and the curtain of mist was raised.

A new valley was revealed; a great river was thundering past the village; it was the stream overflowing, swollen and frothing in fury. Undine-like waterfalls suddenly improvised were streaming upon the mountain-sides. I remember four little shepherd boys passing by, driving their splashing goats up the village. The boys were all of them drenched with the rain, but laughing as they skook the streams from their skins and broad felt hats. The storm ended as mysteriously as it began, and our little patient, who had been more ill all day, and more oppressed, suddenly revived that night, and seemed to shake off her trouble.

When the doctor saw her early next morning he said the fever was gone, and that the sooner we moved her now the better. "All the more," said he, "that I have to leave you to-morrow, and I should be glad to see you safe at Rosenlauri before I go."

I should have been glad if any other place but Rosenlauri could have been selected for Fina's convalescence, but it was the nearest and the most obvious place to go to, and the little thing was longed to rejoin her friend.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

WINTER SPORTS AND PLEASURES.

THERE is a luxury, no doubt, in life in the tropics; and when we are shivering in our English damp and fogs, the islands of the south with their balm-scented breezes will flit before us in visions of the earthly paradise. We are alive to the charms of cloudless skies; of the checkered shadows under flowery groves in landscapes lit up by floods of sunshine; of myriads of brilliant stars reflected in sleeping seas landlocked within reefs of coral. We can sympathize with the feelings of the tempest-tossed adventurers who, after beating in the teeth of Atlantic gales into the unknown, exchanged the decks of their straining caravels for a time of blissful repose in the islands of "the Indies;" as we can imagine those seductive memories of the Cytheræan Otaheite that incited the mariners of the "Bounty" to their memorable deed of violence. But the tropical Edens have

their shady sides for men who have been bred in more bracing latitudes. It is all very well for the sensuous aborigines to live in each glowing hour and take little heed of the morrow; to gather their fruits from the boughs within reach of their hands; to dispense with clothing in disregard of decency; to swing their hammocks of fibre anywhere out of the sun, and dream away the days and the feverish nights. The life must pall sooner or later on men with whom energy is inborn; the heat is enervating, and saps the strength, which is the source of health, good spirits, and self-satisfaction; and the lotus-eating immigrants, after a time, might be driven to seek refuge from weariness in suicide.

Englishmen have a happy knack of adaptability, and can acquit themselves with credit under most conditions. They made the fortune of our fervid West Indian colonies with their own before the abolition of the slave trade and of the sugar duties. They have conquered an empire in Asia and kept it, in spite of the relaxing atmosphere of the plains of Hindostan, where they must sweeter through their duties in baking cantonments or stifling courts of justice, and struggle for a troubled sleep under pun-kahs. They have settled Queenslands, and Georgias, and Guianas, with many a province more or less swampy and sultry; they live, as they make up their minds occasionally to droop and die, among mud-banks, mangroves, and malaria, at the mouths of rivers on the Gold and Grain Coasts. They take cheerfully by battalions and batteries to scorching rocks, at such stations as Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, which might be marked on an ascending atmospheric scale as hot, hotter, hottest. Nevertheless, and naturally, they will always show to more advantage in the least genial of latitudes. We have nothing more thrilling in the national annals—though foreigners, by the way, have been running us hard of late years, as the Dutch and the Scandinavians did in former centuries—than our stories of Arctic adventure. We see the hardy navigator—an amphibious cross between the bulldog and the sand-fish, with the tenacity of the one and the dash of the other—standing out into the polar fogs and ice-floes in the bark that was but a cockle-shell in point of tonnage. The timbers might be seasoned oak, and the rude fastenings of well-hammered iron, yet a casual nip of the ice must crack its sides like a walnut-shell. We see the

rough skipper and his crew clinging to the tiller and the frozen shrouds, in seas that sweep the deck from stem to stern, and weather that would tear any canvas into ribbons. In the safe little sea-boat, that is slow at the best under sail, they have to bide their time and possess their souls in patience as they lie becalmed under the lee of the ice-cliffs, or dodge the set of the ice-packs. There was scarcely room to "swing a cat" in the tiny cabin that just served as a refuge. Overtasked and short-handed as they were, they had often to turn in "all standing," ready to answer the boatswain's call at a moment's notice; and they expected the inevitable arrival of the scurvy on salt junk, weevilly ship-biscuit, and new rum. Preserved meats and lime-juice were as yet undreamt of; and their medicine and luxury was the quid of tobacco, at once the best of sedatives and stimulants. It is a long stride from those forlorn hopes of adventure to the well-found and strongly-manned expeditions we have lately been sending out to the pole. But even with all the appliances that science and experience can suggest or liberality supply, the lives of Arctic explorers must be trying at the best; and the soundest constitutions are strained if not shattered. Yet the only difficulty in finding the crews is the picking and choosing in the crush of volunteers; and cheerfulness under perfect discipline does its best to command success, though the sole distractions out of doors through the long, dark winter, are constitutionals along the snow-paths kept clear to the "observatory," or sledging parties carried out with heroic resolution.

For when you change passive endurance into a grapple with difficulties, the spirit will rise irrepressibly to meet them. We have travellers wrapped in the casings of furs and woollens they dare not cast, facing the frozen blasts on the steppes of Tartary, or scrambling up the highest passes in our hemisphere—those gutter-pipes which drain the "Roof of the World."

We can recall a dozen stories of recent winter travelling adventures, where we may be sure that the pleasures predominated over the pains, though the adventurers, who were gently born and bred, must have suffered as intensely as they endured doggedly. Such as Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle hewing their way, with "Mr. and Mrs. Assineboine," through the precipitous forests on the banks of the Fraser River; Major Butler likewise

setting his face to the westward across the "Great Lone Land;" Mr. Andrew Wilson carried as an invalid on a litter, along slate cornices on precipices under the hanging snow masses in the Himalayan "Abode of Snow;" or Major Burnaby, in his ride to Khiva in the cold that was almost too much for his Cossack guides.

What go far towards nerving the men of the north to the enjoyment of their winters, or of Arctic weather, are the pleasures of hope and of contrast. Even the *employés* of the Hudson Bay Company have the prospect of basking through their long summer day; and the hardiest of us would scarcely care to cast in our lot for life with the Esquimaux. Shaw and Forsyth, and the travellers who have crossed the Hindu Kush, looked forward to a welcome in the Vale of Kashmir, or in the rich vegetation that encircles Kashgar, sacred to the admirers of the "Arabian Nights;" while Burnaby, when he had left the steppes behind him, drew bridle among the gardens and pomegranate groves of the Khivan canals. Tourists in Europe have experienced delights of the kind when, after the damp and gloom of a raw Roman winter, they have taken their first spring rides in the Campagna, when it was bursting almost before their eyes into one vivid blush of violets; or when, after a long day and night passed in the old-fashioned *diligence* in the frozen wind on the heights of the Morena, they have rubbed their eyes, with the break of dawn, among the fountains and orange-trees of sunny Cordova. A balmy breath of spring in winter is soothingly refreshing as an oasis in the desert. But comparatively very little heat goes a long way with most Englishmen; and in a really tropical climate they generally feel at their worst. Even an unusually warm summer in England makes the life of too many of our fellow-creatures a melancholy spectacle, till they begin to pick up again with the shortening days.

Very different it is in the beginnings of "our old-fashioned English winter" with men who have wealth, health, and strength in moderation! We believe it is the lightness of feeling, following on the first steady fall of the temperature below the freezing-point, that explains those effusive rhapsodies on "seasonable" jollity which characterize our popular Christmas literature. We are really in excellent spirits, and perhaps the bracing air has gone to our heads. We see every

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thing not precisely in *coulour de rose*, but in the dazzling radiancy of sparkling frost, and are in the humor to listen to absurdities and sentimentalities as sound enough sense to be fitting to the time of year. But it is the modern school of Christmas writers who are become sickly, stilted, and sentimental; and for that Dickens is chiefly responsible. He began so admirably in a flow of natural humor and pathos, that he was encouraged to parody himself, and so the picturesqueness of "Pickwick" and the city idyl of the "Christmas Carol" came down to the level of the latest of his Christmas annuals. But the early Christmas pictures by masters of genius must touch sympathetic chords in every bosom, and make misery itself often feel sadly mirthful in memory of the frolics of happier times. Without going further back in our literature, take Scott's famous introduction to the sixth canto of "Marmion,"—

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

The ring of the metre sounds like the church-bells to a devotee, or the dinner-gong to a hungry man. What a striking picture of the kindly joviality that levels ranks and sets a truce to cares! The baron's hall, where the flames from the great log fire that went roaring and crackling up the vast chimney, flashed their light on merry faces and burnished flagons; the stately baron in the chimney-corner, unbending for once; the "heir with roses in his shoes," flirting with village maiden with redder roses in her cheeks; the boar's head, bedecked with bays and rosemaries, grinning on the festal board among sirloins and huge bickers of plum-porridge, and wassail-bowls bobbing with the roasted crabs; the tales of the hunting-field by flood and fell; the stories of venerable, time-honored superstitions that made the hearers shudder even in that merry crowd; the mumming, the singing, the laughing, and the dancing, while the winds that howled and whistled through the trees and the loopholes in the battlements, drove the smoke-wreaths back again down the chimney, and scattered the sparks from the blazing roots. Little recked kinsmen, tenants, and cottagers, of trifling inconveniences like these, in those Christmas gambols that

could cheer

The poor man's heart through half the year.

Some centuries later, and in "Bracebridge Hall," we see how our old English fashion of keeping Christmas impressed a sympathetic American. The New Englanders, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe shows in her "Poganuc People," have a pretty notion of perpetuating those traditions that were carried over the Atlantic in the "Mayflower," although the early Pilgrim fathers were Puritans. But in a new country, with the go-ahead energy that has grubbed the forests and split the trees into shingles; with its practically-minded men and its hard utilitarianism, its brand-new buildings and its bald-faced meeting-houses, the associations must be lacking that give the season its solemnity. There are no old squires and old Master Simons; no old blue-coated serving-men bred under the roof-tree of the hall; no old polished mahogany dining-tables, or old family portraits whose burnished frames are brightened up for the occasion with mistletoe and holly-berries; no cellars of rare old wines and ales that flow at the festal Christmas-tide like water; above all, no quaint old Norman church, where the pews of oak and the mediæval monuments have been as yet undecorated by the æsthetic restorer. Then Dickens popularized the Bracebridge Halls—we will not say that he vulgarized them—in his delightful sketches of the Manor Farm. For though we fancy "the fine old host" dropped his *h's*, though he welcomed that very rough diamond, the inimitable Bob Sawyer, as a familiar friend, and extended his hospitalities to a seedy strolling actor like Jingle,—nevertheless the Manor Farm must live in the memories of Englishmen and their descendants in *sacula sæculorum*. We cordially echo the hearty sentiment of Mr. Weller: "Your master's a wery pretty notion of keepin' everything up, my dear. I never see such a sensible man as he is, or such a reg'lar gen'l'man;" as we assent to the grateful utterance of Mr. Pickwick, when sitting down "by the huge fire of logs, to a substantial supper and a mighty bowl of wassail"—"This is indeed comfort."

But the whole of the winter sketches, of which that supper on Christmas Eve is but one in a series, are as delightful as they are characteristic of manners that are departing: the drive along the frost-bound roads on the outside of the Muggleton mail, after the codfish and the barrels of oysters had been forced into the gaping foreboot; the change of horses at the inn in the market town—it

was only a slow coach, we must remember — when Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman came so near being left behind, when they had run up the yard to refresh themselves at the tap; the walk along the frozen lanes to the farm; the meeting with the house-party, the reception, the supper, the rubbers, and the hot elder-wine to follow; the wedding next day, and the breakfast that sent the poor relations to bed. Of course there is a dash of Christmas romance in the pretty fancy that elderly gentlemen fresh from town could hold out through the rustic hospitality of the farm, and rise each successive morning all the brisker and the brighter for it. We should surmise that Mr. Pickwick must have been troubled by nightmares after those late and heavy suppers; while Mr. Tupman was the very subject for flying twinges of the gout. But there can be no question that, for keeping dyspepsia at bay, there is nothing like country life and jovial company at a time when you feel bound to feast and make merry; and there are charmingly natural touches in that scene on the ice which preceded Mr. Pickwick's immersion in the pond. It is a rough English translation of the hearty communion of a Scottish curling-match. Old men become boys again in the biting air, and take to frolicking like cart-horses turned out in a meadow. "Ceremony doffs her pride" at the Manor Farm as in the baronial hall; and there are old Wardle and the fat boy, Mr. Pickwick and his faithful Sam, Messrs. Snodgrass, Sawyer, Winkle, etc., all "keepin' the pot a-bilin'," and following each other along the slide as if their very lives depended on it.

Such bright winter pictures have, of course, their sombre side. You tumble out of bed to see the country covered with a dazzling mantle. Every twig and slender spray is enveloped in icy tracery. There are festoons of icicles descending from the window-sashes, and the panes are interlaced with a delicate fretwork that may shame those masterpieces of Moorish art that are still the marvels of the connoisseur. Sparkling in the cold sunshine, it all looks cheerful enough as you contemplate it from a comfortably warmed room, unless, indeed, your soul be set upon hunting, and your horses are fretting in their stalls. But even in the country your pleasures may be dashed by reminders of the existence of suffering. There goes a thinly-clad urchin under the windows, shuddering his shoulders together, and blowing upon his frost-nipped

fingers. The birds are gathered into ragged balls on the boughs; the blackbirds and starlings are hopping gingerly about on the lawn, like so many jackdaws of Rheims, blighted under the ban of the Church; the very tomtits seem limp and depressed; while the robins, pressed by the cravings of appetite, come almost tapping at the windows as they ask for their crumbs. After all, it may be hoped that the sufferings of those country creatures are nothing worse than may be endured and soon forgotten. These birds will be fed from the breakfast-room windows, and there are still hips and haws in the hedgerows for their fellows. The boy has had a morning meal before turning out of his cottage, and there are worse maladies in the world than chilblains, while exercise will set youthful blood in circulation. But your thoughts travel away to the poor in the great towns, who must rise to fireless hearths and shiver on short commons. After all, such sufferings, like the poor themselves, will be always with us, and in winter time the souls of the well-conditioned must be exceptionally open to melting charity. If you cannot help being bright and cheery yourself, you feel the more bound to consider your less fortunate fellow-mortals. Christopher North put it very neatly and truly in one of the "Noctes" for this month of December. He had been eulogizing winter, *more suo*, over a blazing fire before the well-spread board in the blue parlor at Ambrose's; and the Shepherd had been chiming in with the praises of cold and curling, — beef and greens. Tickler, sitting in moody reserve, strikes a dissonant note. "This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor." North answers — "Are not wages good and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?" And we trust that, in this season of 1880, we may write a cheerful article on winter pleasures without feeling sympathies or conscience unduly weighted. We hope that work will be plenty and wages good, for trade is steadily, if slowly, reviving, and the useful virtues of providence and temperance have been growing with the working classes since 1825. Charity is still a British virtue; while institutions that were then unthought of have been founded, and the organization of dispassionate relief has been indefinitely extended. We remember, for our comfort too, as a fact incontrovertibly established by statistics, that cold is far less destructive than damp to life and consequently to

health; and in the fitful climates of an English winter, we can have but the choice between the one and the other. So let the readers of "Maga" be free-handed with their cheque-books and their purses, and they may give themselves over with easy minds to the joys and the buoyancy inspired by the season.

Even in the metropolis, setting the chances of accidents aside, a hard winter may not be altogether unexciting. There is always something impressive in gatherings in a great city under circumstances that are at once picturesque and unfamiliar. Last winter we came very near to witnessing a repetition of those grand historical *fêtes* of the ice-king, when fairs were held on the frozen Thames, and oxen roasted whole were washed down from flowing hogsheads. Had it not been for the works of the Thames Embankment, the brackish tide might have been bound in iron fetters. We missed that stirring spectacle by a hair's-breadth; but before now we have seen skating on the Serpentine by torch-light, when a London feast of lanterns seemed in course of celebration between Albert Gate and Kensington Gardens. The wolves and hyænas were disporting themselves with the lambs — or, in other words, the hordes of roughs from the east were mingling amicably with shop-lads and decent artisans and gay young gentlemen from the clubs of the west. The police mustered strong in case of need, but what were the scattered members of the blue-coated force among so many? There were noise and horse-play, and boisterous merriment; and we do not say that pockets were not lightened here and there, or some differences settled by interchange of fisticuffs. But on the whole it was a gay and a good-humored mob; and even the ladies who ventured out upon the sidewalks could admire the humors of the night without much risk of insult. A whole school of Rembrandts and Schalkens would have found endless subjects for their brushes. The bands of skaters skimming along in open order, and the hockey-players, swaying blazing torches overhead, leaving the splashes of flaming resin in waving beauty-lines behind them, till the air and ice seemed to be studded with flights of Brobdingnagian fireflies; the illuminated circles and the fiery crescents, where a space had been cleared for the graceful evolutions of amateurs surrounded by admiring spectators; and the girdling rings of carriage-lamps along the drives; the rows of chairs and tables, with their constella-

tions of candles, where skates were being strapped on or stripped off; the glowing stoves of the hot-chestnut sellers and baked-potato men; the horn lanterns on the roving wheel-barrows, with oranges and apples and lighter refreshments; the cracking of vesuvians and kindling of pipes; the reddening cigar-tips circulating in their myriads; the reflecting of the flickering volumes of light cast faintly and fitfully in the floating fogs, — all made up a strange carnival of fire, to the crash of many kinds of Cockney music, from brass bands and barrel-organs to accordions and concertinas.

It is but a night ticket taken at King's Cross or Euston Square, and we shift the scene to the north of the Border. You roll out of the berth in the "Pullman," or shake yourself clear of your wrappings to contemplate the December morning breaking on the sea or the landward wastes. Sea blends with sky and vapor with dull grey fallow, till you can hardly tell where one begins or the other ends. But there are bright streaks in the reddening horizon to the west, which slowly break into golden bars, and then the disc of the ruddy orb of light rises in all the promise of his frigid glories. It is in the assurance of a life-giving winter day that you hear the hoarfrost crackle under your chilly feet on the railway platform. The double dogcart is in waiting with the roughed horses: strip their warm clothing, and give them their heads. They spring forward, rattling the pole-chains, breathing smoke if not flame from their nostrils like the swifter coursers of the sun overhead; and far and near may be heard the echo of their hoofs as they rattle, regardless of their back sinews, along the iron roads. For the black frost has laid a veto on field-labor, and most of mankind who work out of doors must take a holiday perforce. The ploughshare is frozen fast in the crisp furrow; the ditcher might splinter the point of his pickaxe before doing another yard of his drain; the farm pond must be broken to let the animals drink; and as the partridges have gathered to the shelter of the rick-yards, so the snipes and every species of wild-fowl have taken to the shrunken rills of slow-trickling water.

It is an involuntary holiday; but is the parish to stand idle on that account, or draw chairs and stools into the ingle-nook to gossip and doze and keep the fireplace warm? Not a bit of it! It is not every day that the canny Scotchman has the chance of giving himself over to enjoy-

ment with a clear conscience. Dleepdailly has challenged Bodencleuch to a curling-match; and already the players, with an admiring tail, are striding forward over hill and moor, from all the airts, to the trysting-place. The laird, hospitable as he is, somewhat hurries you, nevertheless, over a hearty Scotch breakfast; for he is to act skip or headman himself for his players of Bodencleuch, while the stalwart schoolmaster from over the march discharges a similar office for the men of Dleepdailly. A sharp walk through the policies and past the kirk takes you to the curling-pond. It is a merry scene, set in a frame of silver, that you look down upon from the angle of the path that leads over the brae from the kirk-style. The pond lies in a hollow, at the foot of a broomy knowe, that in the fresh fragrance of the spring is covered with yellow blossoms. Now all nature is as deathlike as well may be. Everything below and around is clothed with a chilly winding-sheet, stretching under the steel-blue glitter of an almost cloudless sky. But long before, you had heard the clamor of voices sounding deep and shrill in the rarefied atmosphere, and now you look down on such a gathering of rural worthies as Burns might have sung or Wilkie painted. A burst of welcome greets the laird and his friends, followed by a respectful though a momentary hush. Place for the kirk, and there is the parish minister, and likewise his reverend brother of the Free persuasion; and there is the stout schoolmaster of Dleepdailly, famed as a curler far and near, who dwarfs his "shilpit" but energetic compeer of Bodencleuch. The minister's man, who is likewise precentor, will soon have an opportunity of showing that his sonorous bass is good for other things than pitching psalm-tunes; for it is not for nothing that "the curling" is known as the "roaring game." There are farmers who cultivate and graze their five hundred acres; and crofters who club with a neighbor to hitch up a single "pair of horse." There are keepers from the hill, and woodmen from the plantations; cottagers who get their living among the dikes and the ditches; "mason lads" who have been frozen out of their work; the tailor who has slipped from his board, the shoemaker who has cast his apron behind him, and the smith who has been lured away from his forge, though they might all have been following their indoor avocations. There are poachers and village scant-o'-graces, somewhat shamefaced, and in the mean time on

their best behavior, but feeling that the occasion brings them temporary absolution; and herd-boys and "hafflin' callants," and *id genus omne*. Seldom elsewhere will you see such a meeting of folks of many ages, and ranks, and creeds, and callings, meeting for once on a footing of the most fraternal equality, and indulging in the fullest liberty of joviality, without forgetting good manners and mutual regard.

But if the assembly struck you as being somewhat boisterous in the morning, you ought to see and hear it in the afternoon. The well-pitted sides are bringing the match to a close in the lengthening shadows of the surrounding hills, and excitement has risen to fever-height. The dull roar of the curling-stones on the keen ice is accompanied by the frenzied shouts of the partisans as some shot of great moment is being played. Respectable fathers of families, and kirk-elders to boot, are dancing as if they were on hot girdles, and possessed by demons. The stone delivered, or, rather, barely dropped, from the strong arm of Sandy the smith, is gliding forward on its fateful mission. "Soop her up! soop her up!" "Na, na; let abee! let abee!" The brooms are being flourished over the shapely brown boulder from the Burnock Water, by fingers that burn to lend it legs and direction. The voice of the skip dominates all: "Leave alane! leave alane, will ye? She's a' there, right enough!" And suddenly, as the stone has skirted the very edge of one of the enemy's surest guards, a tremulous movement is to be detected in the handle. The crafty player, with a dexterous turn of the wrist, has communicated the hitherto imperceptible "side." The stone, in a graceful parabola, curls gently inwards, takes an "inwick" off the inner edge of another, and circles in to lie "a pot-lid" on the very tee. What yells of applause and triumph rend the air! "Shift that if ye can, my lads!" shouts Bodencleuch in friendly mockery; while Dleepdailly chafes and rages in wild but impotent disgust. That great shot of the smith's has decided the "end" and the game; for in vain does the schoolmaster — with the laird following to neutralize his play — try to break a way to that winning-stone through the advanced-guards of Bodencleuch.

The smith has his meed of praise in the mean time; and he will have added a cubit or more to his moral stature when his health is drunk with all the honors, at the curling supper in the evening. A

grand festivity that supper is, which might gladden the soul of any epicure who came to it with a curler's appetite and digestion. "Beef and greens; Oh, Mr. North, beef and greens!" ejaculated the Ettrick Shepherd, in a rapture of joyous retrospect. And what spreads these are to sturdy and hungry men, who perhaps seldom taste butchers' meat from one week's end to the other! When it is cut and come again as the huge carving-knife heaps the steaming platters with Gargantuan slices, embosomed, like the curling-ponds in summer, in circling hills of green; when the kettles are singing on the hob; when the square case-bottles of mountain-dew are revolving swiftly round the table and the smoking tumblers are being drained to song and speech, and jest and story. What matter that the jokes are old? Like the straw-colored spirits, they are all the better for that. Temperance may be an admirable virtue in the abstract, but away with such heterodoxy as total abstinence. No man would set his face against it more stoutly than the minister, whose presence is sanctifying the mirth as he has blessed the bountiful meal. How can a group of men, who, though they have frames of iron, are pleasantly wearied with healthful exercise, be "a hair the waur" for drinking in moderation? Say their own spirits are a trifle elevated when they go home, the very goodwives will scarcely gloom at them once in a way; and the fostering of good fellowship and neighborly feelings must be a clear and positive gain in any case. It is not the jovial curlers who will say no to that, as they sing "Auld Acquaintance," with arms crossed and hands linked, when breaking up before any of them have overtly exceeded.

From curling to cock-shooting, in the alliterative point of view, is a natural transition. While the curling-ponds in the east and south have been bearing for many days, the fresh water in the milder climate of the west coast is still rippling to each gentle breeze. But while the curling sports are still in full swing a letter reaches you from Argyllshire by agreement. The frost has come at last, and in earnest, and the cocks will be following it in flights. Already their harbingers are scattered about in many a hanging copse and many a corrie on the heather braes. And one fine morning a select party of friends, gaitered and shooting-booted, is sitting down to an early repast in a lonely shooting-lodge on the shores of Loch Fyne. A lonely lodge, we say; and in-

deed the sole drawback to the spot is the difficulty of finding beaters in that romantic wilderness. However, the old keeper has done his best, and has mustered, by hook or crook, half a dozen of ill-matched mortals, from a leggy, shock-headed Celt, who has turned out in the scantiest of tattered kilts, to a short-set boy who, in an ordinary way, acts aide-de-camp to any poacher, or shepherd, or gillie. A grander beat than ours, in point of picturesqueness, it would be difficult to find; and it is as dear to the cocks as to lovers of nature. The ground falls in a succession of long tumbling slopes from the ridge of heather-covered hills to the shores of the loch. From each eminence the eye naturally travels down the estuary as it winds away among the mountains, round promontory, creek, and bay. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the immediate foreground. What tempts the woodcock is the multiplicity of springs, and the variety of streams that come down an endless succession of parallel ravines, with rocky banks that are overgrown with wood in many spots. Here the water is leaping down staircases of stone, under mossy cornices fringed with icicles. Elsewhere you can barely hear it murmur as it is lost to sight under the drooping firs and the birchen boughs. And everywhere in those tiny valleys are gushing land-springs, which convert the turf around them into a tiny morass, where the mud will be softened for the "long-bills" in the midday sunshine. Between these Scottish nullahs are patches of Highland jungle,—the dwarf oak, and the birch, and the spruce and silver fir, interspersed with old and gnarled hollies, and interwoven with matted brambles; while the open glades in the heather are dotted over with outstanding trees like the Alpine *Wettertannen*, and with beds of withered bracken, in all the winter hues of their reds and yellows.

Even had our force been drilled and trained to work together, it would be no easy matter to handle it cleverly. The very retrievers at heel sometimes "come a cropper" in scrambling down the sides of ravines; and should a cock be flushed while you are setting your face to the "stey brae," the bird is sure to go away unscathed. Moreover, though there is no snow to speak of, each stone and root is varnished over with its coating of treacherous ice, that gives hold neither to foot nor hand. But there seems to be a providence that saves sportsmen from sprained ankles, and each fall is only a

subject for merriment, though the occasional plunge over mid-thigh in a "moss-pit" is a more serious matter. But soon the shooting begins, and the fun becomes fast and furious. Instinct tells you where to seek for the cocks,—in these sloughs of despond where the surface is greenest; but the dropping them needs judgment as well as quickness. The bird shoots gently upwards, with that swift and stealthy flight of his, sweeping round the nearest convenient stem, or jerking and dipping through the treetops. Shall you shoot sharp, or give him time? that is the question often answered amiss on the spur of the moment. There is delay, besides, in recovering the fallen; for there is but little scent to help the dogs, and it is hard to judge distances in the rank bracken or heather, where a cock lies like a needle in a bundle of hay. Then comes another cause of complications and cross-purposes. For roe are plentiful, though hares are scarce; and a roe may be crouching in his lair under any one of those fir-boughs; while each isolated bit of oak coppice is well worth beating out. So one barrel is sometimes loaded with B. B., while the other is charged with the shot which must serve in case of need for either cock or pheasant. Mistakes will happen notwithstanding presence of mind; and a woodcock may be triumphantly threading the scattering charge of buckshot, while the stern of a deer at a range of forty yards or more, is being tickled by the light pellets of No. 5.

Nevertheless the bag mounts; the roe have been bled and hung to trees to be retrieved again; and in spite of immersions, scratches, and falls, beaters and guns are in the highest spirits. Brief space is given for lunch, since days are short and distances are considerable. And we have yet to beat out the famous oak coppice that hangs upon the side of an almost precipitous valley. How the beaters are to work their way along, where even monkeys with prehensile tails might be puzzled, is for their consideration. They scramble in somehow at the one end in faith, and we trust that they will struggle out at the other. Close beating is a sheer impossibility; but it is hoped that the game, being unsophisticated and seldom disturbed, may rise or go forward in place of running back. Three of the guns are to manage above as best they can, while the fourth follows the bed of the stream at the bottom. It is almost worth coming all the way to Loch Fyne to

have a single shot at an old black-cock in these circumstances. Up he rises from among the rocks on powerful wing, his jetty plumage glistening in the sunbeams, skimming the feathering firs with the sweeping pinions that propel him like a rocket shot from a mortar. Clean missed in a flurry by the first gun—cleverly killed by the second; and borne ahead for fifty yards or so by his acquired velocity, you hear him crashing through the branches in the depths, and can mark his course by the showers of ice-dust.

In the dark, inclement days of the winter, the moors and forests are left very much to their native denizens. Even the keepers and gillies, when not under surveillance, are inclined to fight shy of the upper hills; and the shepherds, who have to face much fearful weather, strive to keep their flocks in the more sheltered valleys. For there is something appalling in a Highland snowstorm, when the day is darkened with feathering snowflakes and the air laden with icy drift; when the winds howl down the passes and shriek in the wildest fury as they are caught in the glens and the corries; and when snow-slips and small avalanches are happening everywhere, engulfing each living thing that comes across the path of their descents. Then fox and wild-cat take refuge in their earths in the recesses of the cairns, howling and moaning with cold and hunger; and the winged game cower together in the lee of the braes, or scrape for a precarious subsistence on the more exposed banks that have been laid bare by the storm. When the snowfall is suspended and the "lift has cleared," the shepherd must go abroad in fear and trembling. Too many of the fleecy flock so dear to his memory are lost to sight, buried deep under the heaps of gathering snow-wreaths; and in many a quiet nook and corner of the winding stream the backwater will be choked with submerged corpses.

Death is never far from the man who is out in a Highland snowstorm, and it is a risk that the sportsman will not lightly encounter. But *en revanche* there are often, in the dead season of the year, long spells of settled and most exhilarating weather, when the grouse sit wonderfully in the "black frosts," and an active walker may fill a bag satisfactorily. Then, seen in the bright sunlight, the clear summits of the highest hills may exercise an irresistible fascination on him, and he decides for a bold dash at the ptarmigan. If he go by the barometer and sage ad-

vice, he may make the expedition tolerably safely. The work will be hard, of course, but scarcely so severe as one might fancy. For by judicious strategy the ascent may be made by the slopes where the snow sprinkling is comparatively thin, and along ravines whose gravelly and slaty sides offer a comparatively easy footing. And having once surmounted the lower zone of perpetual snow, the sportsman will find himself "traveling," as the Scotch say, on natural causeways that have been swept by the winds, and which are roughly paved with what looks like the *débris* of a stone quarry. Nor should it be so much the sport you look to on those occasions, as the splendor of the sky effects, the grandeur of the scenery, and the romantic excitement of the whole undertaking. Down in the valleys are morning mists and darkness. The bottom of that deep chasm you have left to the right, and where you heard the harsh croak of the raven, is filled with billowy volumes of vapor; but already, though the sun will be invisible to you for half an hour to come, the tops of the "Rocky Mountains" for which you are bound, are glowing in all the hues of the rainbow. When the sun does burst into sight, the dazzling radiance of the landscape becomes almost painful, and it is a relief to rest the aching eyes on the shadows thrown here and there by some boldly projecting cliff. There are animated objects enough of interest as you press forward, though there is no time to loiter. The grouse cocks rise wild with their cheery crow. Now and again, as you climb by the banks of the stream, you cross the tracks of the night-hunting otter or the wild-cat, or almost surprise those little parties of ducks that have been feeding at their ease in a sequestered pool. As the snow gets thinner, and you leave the region of heather for the stones, the tracks of the mountain hares are more frequent, and soon they are starting before you each twenty yards, sitting up, kangaroo-like, in their quaint curiosity, and inspecting you with complacent interest over their shoulders. Considering the impossibility of carrying them away, knocking them over would be wanton bloodshed. You would gladly have bestowed a barrel on that magnificent hill-fox, with the sinewy body and the feathering brush, who, though he supplies his larder as a rule with the hares, must have taken toll many a time from the firstlings of the flock, judging by his size and grand condition. But before you have time to

snatch your gun from the gillie who has relieved you of it, he has vanished round the corner of the nearest ridge, to reappear by-and-by on a more distant slope, going pleasantly within himself at a comfortable canter.

The actual ptarmigan-shooting in itself is, it must be confessed, somewhat tame. Although there is little difficulty in finding the birds at first, since they are pretty sure to get up shy and wild, yet they will often return nearly to the spot from whence they were sprung, and wait your second approach comparatively calmly. And as they have a trick of dropping sharply behind the rocks where they rise, you need not scruple to shoot them sitting. But there is something grandly exciting in the sport all the same, as you go scrambling among the rocks and fallen boulders; taking jumps that in cooler blood you would eschew; setting the serious chances of fractured limbs at defiance; and keeping on your legs in shooting attitude as best you can, while swaying your breech-loader in the air by way of a balancing-pole. The sense of taking one's diversion aloft in the blue empyrean, far above the normal regions of a Highland cloudland, is in itself exhilarating enough; and the air you inhale is light as laughing-gas, without being so rarefied as to try the lungs. Then the white ptarmigan, flushed from their perch on the cliffs, go circling beneath your feet round splintered pinnacles and buttresses, eddying over the abyss in the drift of the vapors, like a flight of storm-pigeons. Plunging the eye far down into the profound, there is nothing but those circling specks for it to rest upon between the slab on which your shooting-boots are slipping and the slopes of heather some couple of thousand feet below. As for the glories of the prospect, you may turn your face as you will. To the north and east stretches a seemingly limitless extent of trackless moor, forest, and sheep-farm, where hill and valley, till they confound themselves in the snowy distance, are veined by the black blotches or lines that mark the lakes or the rivers and burns. Southward you follow the course of the great strath, while through sharply defined vistas in the far-away chains you distinguish the plains of the fertile Lowland counties. And westward, beyond the waters of a hill-embosomed estuary, are the grand outlines of those mountain masses of granite that beat back the surges of the tempestuous Atlantic.

It is a natural descent from the clouds, or where the clouds ought to be, to the Lowland coverts. We are in the great preserves, where hares in herds and troops of hand-fed pheasants invite the attention of banded poachers, and provoke heartburnings in parishes that ought to be peaceful. Should big *battues* rank among winter pleasures? Hardly, in the sense in which we are writing this article; and poetically as picturesquely, there is a terrible bathos in the droop from days among the ptarmigan in the upper air, to the massacre of pheasants running tame between your boots. Besides, anybody but an enthusiast in slaughter must be *ennuyé* by standing up to the ankles in the half-frozen mud of the rides, or blowing upon numbed figures at some draughty corner, though he may comfort himself with the assurance that it will soon be a "hot" one. Far more to our mind is the rough-and-ready fun to be found in ferreting in a keen frost. The little party are all on the *qui vive*, — from the guns and the keepers with spades and ferret-boxes, to the cock-eared terriers who are admitted to participate in the sport, and the more sober-minded retrievers who form the reserve. Hardly a breath of air is stirring: you may almost hear the flutter to the earth of a withered leaf, and so everything is in your favor. And there is something in such commonplace or vulgar amusements as rabbiting and rat-hunting that recommends itself to the vagrant instincts of humanity. For ourselves, we have ferreted in all manner of circumstances, from wheat-stacks and crumbling barns upwards; in the mounds under the gnarled boughs of the oaks and thorns in a venerable park, where the rabbits burrowed amicably in the hollow stems among the jackdaws, and might either make an unexpected appearance at some fungus-covered cranny overhead, or shoot out of some unsuspected bolting-hole under the withered fronds of the bracken. We have shot on the face of a brae sloping to a precipice dipping sheer into a lake, where each rabbit, as he was rolled over, crumpled into a ball, and pitching over the brink was picked up by a boatman in waiting; in the dikes dividing fields in the northern Scotch counties, where the piles of loose granite that had been cleared off the land were honeycombed by labyrinths of galleries — where ferrets had to be sent in by the half-dozen to cut the lines of communication, and whence the inmates would scuttle at intervals like the fragments of

a bursting shell. And of course we have ferreted in all weathers. But to our fancy, as we said, the pleasantest form of the sport is in the perfect stillness and purity of the clear winter day, in the banks and hedgerows of a richly wooded Lowland country. It is a very fair match, on the whole, between the guns and the rabbits. Scene — for example — under the skeleton canopy of a spreading oak, the leafless twigs forming a lacework against the sky, with a straggling hedge in front and a bramble-grown ditch beyond. The burrow dates from days immemorial; some of the holes have been enlarged by the colony of badgers that take up their quarters there from time to time; and the outlets are so many and in such unlikely spots, that any attempt at a systematic blockade is impracticable.

Dramatis personæ: a couple of guns standing back to back under the oak; two others, similarly posted in the field beyond the ditch; three keepers bending in varied attitudes over the burrow, previous to rushing towards the stem of the oak to bestow themselves out of the way; three ferrets who have disappeared in the bowels of the earth; a couple of veteran terriers, their heads twisted on one side, almost to the dislocation of their necks, and each nerve in their bodies quivering with excitement; with as many retrievers that are scarcely less interested, though they do their best to keep up some dignity of deportment. So far as the mere ferreting goes, the terriers, Spice and Ginger, had better have been left at home, since they are more likely to tumble into the way than not. But they are useful in hunting out a ditch or a hedge-bottom; and a miss here and there is of little consequence. *Conticuerunt omnes; intentique ora tenebant*. The tails of the ferrets have been deliberately dragged out of sight; and all is silence in the mean time.

But as we feel, it is the ominous silence that heralds earthquakes and convulsions of nature. There is a faint scraping and a shuffle beneath our feet; the shuffling is succeeded by a rushing to and fro; the scraping grows into a portentous rumbling, as if a working party of gnomes, with picks and wheelbarrows, were mining the foundation of the ancestral oak. The grumbling echoes of that subterranean chase are now here and now there. If the distracted terriers were to follow their bent, they would be dancing over the surface of the ground like a couple of globules of quicksilver. Even the sportsmen,

although they have time to think, or because they have time, are conscious of something of the flutter that thrills on the nerves when a covey of black-game is whirring up all around one. The rabbits have realized there is danger above, and are loath to be forced by any amount of hunting. You can conceive the sudden agitation in those peaceful tenements below, with the stealthy enemies, all teeth, claw, and sinew, following up the remorseless chase with slow, malignant ferocity. Now some stout old buck must be standing fiercely at bay, his bristling back set to the end of a burrow, and his fore-paws hammering viciously at his assailant. You can follow the shifting fortunes of the single combat, for there seems to be but a sod between you and the lists. Next there is a rush of desperation; he has taken a flying leap over the ferret, and is gone by. Then a second fugitive shows his head above ground only to jerk it back again; while a third bounces out of one hole, like a Jack-in-the-box, to take a flying leap down another. But at last the general *sauve qui peut* begins. There a rabbit makes a rush for the ditch, and gains the covered way of matted weeds and thorn, closely followed up by the yelping terriers, to be hustled out again a little lower down; while a companion dares a straight dash across the open, to be cleverly stopped in due course. The winding-sheet of snow is rent and torn as rabbits tear their way out of hidden issues, to land themselves in the middle of scattering charges; there is a quick rolling fire, with sharp clicking of the barrel-hinges as the smoking breech-loaders close on the cartridges; a shower of icy particles from the bushes, falling on the curly coats of the retrievers; a scattering of floating flick, a cutting of twigs by the driving shot, a crimsoning of the spotless surface. Then the shooting dies away and ceases, as the bolting draws to an end. The terriers are come back from their mad bursts of excitement, with panting tongues and heaving sides; the keepers gather up the slain which the retrievers had already been collecting for them; and, finally, the ferrets reappear one by one, blinking their fiery eyes, and licking their encarnined jowls, to be caught up by the napes of their necks and deposited snugly in the boxes. The exciting melodrama is at an end, so far as that burrow is concerned, when we move on to another, where the scenery has changed with the circumstances. In the hurry and crush of incidents, in the

strained expectation, passing through quick sensations to the sanguinary *dénonement*, keeping all the faculties on the alert, and the blood in swift circulation, there is no time to think of being chilly. And then, when you feel you have had enough of it; when the lights on the landscape begin to fade as the sun sinks down in the cloud-bank to the westward; when the ferrets, gorging themselves on the game they have grappled, begin to hang in the holes in spite of powder-flashes, till the keepers have to exercise their shoulders in digging among the stones and roots,—you have only to lay down the gun and walk briskly home to the library. If we desire to enjoy luxurious converse with a favorite author, who will bear dozing over, since we half know him by heart, we find nothing more delightful than that time before dinner, when, after some hours of moderate exertion and exposure, we mingle listless reading with languid reverie, and intersperse both with an occasional nap.

Very different from the dawdling over rabbiting is wild-fowl shooting. The one may be enjoyed in moderation as a distraction; as an agreeable digestive after a comfortable breakfast; as a whet for indolent literary by-play and for dinner, after the fashion of the *avant-table* in Russia or Scandinavia, where spirits and piquant trifles are served up as appetizers. Wild-fowl shooting is a serious business, and we do not know whether, any more than the *battue*, it ought to be included among winter pleasures. For our own part, we should be inclined to say no; but it is certain that it becomes a passion with those who devote themselves to it. The successful wild-fowler needs something of the qualities that set up a Hercules going forth upon his labors. In the first place, he must have enthusiasm bordering upon an abiding frenzy. He must have no ordinary endurance, with a constitution of iron; he must have keen eyes and steady nerves; he must have coolness and presence of mind to temper his eagerness; and, before all things of course, he should be a deadly shot. In the pursuit of ordinary game, the "hit and miss" man may enjoy himself as much as his "crack" companion. But it is heart-breaking in wild-fowling, after having intrigued, manoeuvred, and toiled for a single family shot, to see the birds fly away without a feather of their plumage being ruffled. The practical wild-fowler should be as clever with his gun as the juggler who goes through his feats on the slack-rope.

Ashore, he must shoot when he has been shivering, in spite of his bodily powers; when his feet have been frozen to his stockings, and his stockings congealed in his boots; when he is slipping about in treacherous mud, in a pair of "mud-shoes," or boards that are attached to his boots like sandals; or when he has sunk over the knee in shifting sands, or has been surprised by a chance while fording a sea-creek. Ten to one, the flight he fires at may come travelling down wind at something from twenty to forty knots an hour. And what a weapon he has to carry! We believe that the most accomplished modern experts declare by preference for a five-bore; and none but those who have been initiated can realize what it is to carry so ponderous a piece of metal through a long day's heavy walking in the face of blustering weather. Even the most accustomed shoulder may ache, and the bare recoil must often be serious. And if the fowler has to contend with such difficulties ashore, what must it be afloat? In loch-shooting, of course, if you can, you will choose a calm day, and so your difficulties are lightened in place of being aggravated. But off the coast, though scarcely a zephyr may be stirring, there may, nevertheless, be a heavy ground-swell. And then you must take aim from a dancing platform, and make your flying practice by knack or instinct. Imagine a man shooting grouse on a drive as he balanced himself on the oscillations of a seesaw, and you have a moderate notion of the chances of sea-fowling under circumstances that are fairly favorable.

Then for the requisites in point of constitutional hardihood. Mild weather saddens the fowler's heart, and his spirits go up with the fall of the thermometer. It is indispensable that he should dress himself warmly, yet, for his own sake, he must not make his wrappings too cumbersome. He will have to crawl or worm himself along when making his stalk, and yet he may have to lie *perdu* for minutes or half-hours, more or less, without moving a muscle. Even in a boat he must not so over-hamper himself with top gear as to prevent the heavy gun coming easily to his shoulder; and yet a bitter wind blowing off the sea or the salt-marshes may be searching his marrow through pea-jacket and jersey. Keeping the feet dry is out of the question; and his only certainty about the best pair of waterproof wading-boots is, that they will infallibly doom the wearer to partial immersion.

Gloves, as everybody knows, are sadly in the way when it comes to fingering a lightly-set pair of triggers; and half-frozen feet and half-frost-nipped fingers must trouble the calm pleasures of expectancy.

The successful wild-fowl shooter must necessarily be an enthusiast; but we believe that most gentlemen who take to the sport, follow it more or less in *diletante* fashion. That is the experience of Mr. Colquhoun, the veteran author of "The Moor and the Loch," who observes that the rustic who has only the single barrel of an old-fashioned weapon to depend upon, grudges no expenditure of patience in the attainment of his ends. He has familiarized himself with the haunts and habits of the wild-fowl, and lays himself out deliberately to circumvent the birds. He watches for a pot-shot, dwells deliberately on his aim, and, for the most part, does damage proportionate to the pains he takes. While the gentleman, somewhat impatient of delays and inconveniences, and trusting to the killing powers of his tool, with the reserve of a second barrel, often scares the birds in his rash approaches, or fires too precipitately at an excessive range. Mr. Colquhoun's advice for wild-fowl shooting on inland lakes, is as simple as it will be found to be satisfactory. After expatiating on the birds' quickness of hearing, etc., recording his observations as to their keenness of scent, and counselling the sportsman as to his equipments, he tells him how the stalk may be most surely accomplished. When you have detected the birds you propose to try for, take their bearings exactly by marks upon the shore in relation to another placed further inland. Then make a *détour* to come unperceived behind the inner mark. From that of course the final approaches have to be made, with an astuteness even greater, if possible, than that which is indispensable in deer-stalking. Should there be divers, you take advantage of their temporary disappearances to run forward between times to a succession of ambushes like the "stations" of some pilgrimage to a Catholic shrine.

Often, no doubt, there is excitement enough in that sort of sport; but to us, considering the suffering that may be involved, too much is staked on the result. As in deer-stalking, through no fault of your own, you may be balked even of a miss at the last moment. We like better another form of the sport mentioned by Mr. Colquhoun — as, indeed, to what does he not make allusion in the encyclopædia

he has so picturesquely christened?—when questing for ducks. You follow the springy drains, keeping fifteen yards from them, and about forty in advance of an attendant who walks close to the trench. It is deadly work covering the plump, full-fed mallards and their mates as they first rise in their heavy flight; and there is intense satisfaction in surprising a wild goose. When gathered into flocks, as you see them generally, the geese are among the most suspicious of created things; and the man who has stalked a flock with its vedettes and sentinels set, may plume himself on no ordinary achievement, unless some lucky accident has befriended him. While a wild duck, fired at from an ambush in the gloaming, as he wings his strong flight overhead to his favorite feeding-grounds, is as hard to hit as he is hard to kill. Even heavy pellets, striking at certain angles, have an extraordinary knack of rolling themselves up harmlessly in the down.

We scarcely care to diverge to long-shore shooting, which, though by no means an uninteresting subject in itself, is a sport left for the most part to professionals. It may be followed, by the way, with great success in the Dutch polders and marshes; in the sand-dunes of the Flemish seaboard, and in some of the north-western departments of France. On the mud-flats and sands in our own eastern counties, and on the sand-banks and bars at the mouths of the brackish estuaries, among the floating seaweed, in sharp frosts at the commencement of the winter, the bag may be filled with a wonderful variety. Stalking along under cover of the sand-hills and sea-walls; stealthily turning along the bends of the creeks, where the waters are sinking with the reflux of the tide; crouching in blood-thirsty expectancy as you see a flight skimming towards you along the beach,—you may kill herons, curlews, ducks, and plovers, with many a species of diver and wader, of which some may be as rare as the most of them are common. Nor shall we embark on board one of the handy little yachting craft, of which the crew is but one man, with possibly a boy, but which, nevertheless, have most elastic accommodation below, while there is actually room on deck for the dingy, which is often towing astern. The cabins of these are snug places enough, as they are assuredly compact; but the owners, amateurs and town-bred though they may be, always strike us as being among the most venturesome of British mariners. We

take it for granted that the skipper is proof to sea-sickness, and it may be assumed that he is equally confident that he was never born to be drowned. For to say nothing of the notion of being capsize in a squall, which he would scout as an outrageous impeachment on his seamanship, there are the probabilities of his grounding upon a bank in one of the fogs, which are accompaniments of the weather most favorable for sea-fowling. He pursues his sport on the borders of the crowded waterways, where fleets of coasting craft are continually plying; and may be awakened out of the sleep he has dropped into on his watch, to find his boat cut down to the water-line, while he is being submerged by a strange cut-water. Moreover, he may have to run in a sudden gale for moorings in some river-mouth or harbor of refuge, by no means always easy of attainment. As a set-off against these probable or problematic dangers, is the "pleasure" of alternately sitting up in the biting air on the deck, glass in hand, behind a swivel-gun or a battery of heavy breech-loaders; and diving down into the tiny cabin to be toasted before facing a fresh spell of the cold.

We have been writing of winter sports and pleasures to be followed for choice among the frost and snow; but, oddly enough, the winter sport *par excellence* of the English gentleman comes to a standstill in our genuine winter weather. A frost is not unwelcome to the fox-hunter in the spring and after an open season, when he has well-nigh ridden his horses to a standstill, and half his stud is gone on the sick-list. But frost in November or December, when the winter is young and hopes are fresh! It is certainly not quite so trying as it used to be in the days of the mail-coaches and post-chaises, when the hunting man in the midlands was practically storm-bound in the streets of a dull provincial town; when the sole resources were over-eating and hard drinking, the billiards by day, the rubber by night, and smoking countless cigars in the stables in dismal contemplation of the hocks of the steeds. Now a man takes his ticket to town by express train, and while he finds a sympathetic chorus of growlers in his club in St. James's, is always within reach of a telegram. But even comparatively fortunate as he is, that season of suspense is a sore trial to him. His sweet temper is fretted with hope deferred. He goes to bed restless, after anxious looks at the skies, and sees his horses casting themselves in their

stalls in his perturbed nightmares; or wakens in disappointment from Tantalus-like dreams, where he has been following the hounds to the music of the horn. To make matters worse, notwithstanding these worries of his, in place of losing flesh he has been laying it on. When men of frugal minds have been calculating weights somewhat too closely in making their purchases, half a stone more is a great annoyance. But such time of probation must come to an end, and at last the weather has shown unmistakable signs of relaxing. A tremor of expectancy has run through the hunting counties, and the first meet after the yielding frost has been advertised to come off at the kennels.

And we do not know that the successors of the immortal Leech could find more inspiring subjects for their pencils than in the humors of the grand gathering after the involuntary rest. It has become apparent that the weather has fairly broken, and there is even some prospect of scent on the grass and the fallows. There is a general coming up from all parts of the country; for though squires and farmers have had their more serious avocations to distract them, yet they too have been vexing their souls over missed chances of sport. Each man is on the *qui vive*, and the horses are decidedly more so than is agreeable. Even the cover-hacks seem to have quicksilver in their heels, which is all very well; and the horses in the vehicles of many fashions which are pressing forward to the muster, are tossing the foam about their chests and rattling their frothing curb-chains. Sober old hunters, warranted steady when sold, and carrying certificates of irreproachable character in their faces and ordinary demeanor, are indulging in gay and unaccustomed gambols; while the giddier youngsters, although they may "be free from vice," are showing themselves playful as kittens, and as full of tricks as so many monkeys. We think it is Mr. Benjamin Buckram, who remarks in "Mr. Sponge's Tour," in discussing the character of the redoubted Hercules, that if a gentleman gets spilt, it does not much "argufy" whether it is done from play or vice. And not a few gentlemen now seem to be much of that way of thinking, as their mounts, catching the contagion of excitement in the crowd, disport themselves like fresh-caught mustangs from the Texan prairies. Here is a silken-coated young one on his muscular hind-legs, gracefully improving on the antics of a dancing bear, and threatening to

topple back upon a rider who has scarcely nerve to bring him back to his bearings. Another, arching his crest and tucking in his haunches, shows an English edition of the Australian buck-jumping trick; while most of them are lightly laying back their ears, or shooting flashes out of the corners of their eyes, and not a few are unpleasantly ready with their heels. But if it is all in good temper on the part of the steeds, the same can hardly be said of the riders. The jostling, and the chance of a humiliating accident, throw some gentlemen off their mental balance, who are already uneasy as to the "safety of their seats;" and it would appear that some lowering clouds are flitting across the general hilarity. But the hospitality of the worthy master brings incipient unkindness to a check. The meet at the kennels means a meeting on the lawn, where the disappearance of the frost is demonstrated conclusively by the cutting up of the turf and furrowing of the gravel. The long tables are spread in the old oak hall, under polished rafters and scutcheoned panels, and among family portraits. The genial host goes about among his scarlet-coated guests, hail-fellow-well-met with everybody; and the ladies of the household, as they do the honors of the tea and coffee, light up the sombre old banquetting-hall with their smiles. There is a pretty lively clatter of knives and forks, intermingled with the clash of cups and glasses. Those who do not sit down to the more substantial fare, gather round the decanters on buffets and sideboards; while the liveried serving-men are busy out-of-doors handing brimming tankards to yeomen and outsiders. If the horses are full of fire and oats, their exuberant spirits will soon be counterbalanced by the circulation of jumping powder among the gentlemen of the hunt; and if sharp retorts were banded a few minutes before, there is a universal drowning of all unpleasantness. Only, should there be a find, and should the numerous field get fairly away with their fox, a wise man will do well to take a line of his own, though at the chance of having to face some extra fencing. A crush in a lane or a cannon in a gap, may possibly entail awkward consequences.

One of the show meets of the season is a characteristically English spectacle, which must impress the intelligent foreigner who desires to study our manners or to pass our choicer horseflesh in review. In a good country, whether in the shires or the provinces, he will see as

high-bred hunters as money can procure; while some of the hacks and the pairs in phaetons and double dogcarts, are models of symmetry and style after their kinds. He will be struck by clean-built thoroughbreds that look smaller than they are till he comes to see them extending themselves over formidable fences, and laying the wide-stretching enclosures behind them in their stride. He will admire the serviceable animals that carry those substantial farmers, who manage to see a sufficiency of the sport though they stick for the most part to gates and lanes; and transfusing their intelligence into the instinct of the fox, ride knowingly to points rather than in the line of the pack. And he will understand the universal enthusiasm for the sport when he marks how the ragtag and bobtail turn out for the fun from the market-towns, the villages, and the solitary hamlets, mounted upon anything, down to broken-kneed ponies and ragged-coated donkeys fed on furze. But our article, as we have remarked, lies rather in the snow than in sloppy pastures and holding fallows. So we shall not follow the hounds as they draw from cover to cover; and as for the tale of the run, has it not been often written by men who were themselves unapproachably in the foremost flight, but who are gone beneath the turf they used to gallop over? The shades of the departed warn us to be silent, from Nimrod of the *Quarterly*, mighty among literary hunters, to the lamented Colonel Whyte-Melville, so lately lost by an accident in the hunting-field. The hunting-field in the south, as the curling-pond in the north, brings many classes together in a kindly communion of tastes and sympathies; and long may it continue to do so. The greater and the more unreserved the genial intercourse of this kind, the less is it likely that revolutionary legislation will sow dissensions among those who ought to be friends — will banish all but utilitarians from rural England, and subvert the time-honored landmarks that our fathers have religiously preserved.

From All The Year Round.
VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XII.

IN CHADLEIGH CHURCH.

THE Jacobsons of Birchwood, or rather Mrs. Jacobson, her governess, a pale

young woman of seven-and-twenty, and a very ugly small daughter of seven, were at lunch when Gareth arrived; and a perfect volley of exclamations greeted him from his hostess as he entered the dining-room; also an ecstatic clapping of hands from the ugly little daughter, and a blush from the governess. Gareth Vane very seldom did enter a room full of women and children without exciting these latter manifestations from some among them; so he merely repaid them by a smile which adult and juvenile appeared to consider as sufficient, and went forward to take the two very much jewelled hands which Mrs. Jacobson tendered him.

"So you have come, after all! Well, I had quite given you up and was just abusing you finely; wasn't I, Miss Saunders? I said you were a perfidious wretch, and so you were; for you promised to come down by the twelve-thirty train in time for lunch and to go with me to the Epsom sports; and I sent to the station to meet you. No, you needn't look miserable about that; I was expecting some fish as well, and it did come; but Vicky here was in despair at your breaking your word. How did you arrive after all, and what kept you? The salmon cutlets are all cold, and there is nothing fit to eat on the table; but I'll have something up in a moment. Sit down, do. Are you very tired?"

"I am not tired at all, and I don't want anything up, and there's nothing I love more in the world than cold salmon cutlets," said Gareth, dropping into a chair beside Vicky. "Also, my dear Mrs. Jacobson, I didn't break my word. I came by the coach, and am prepared to escort you to the sports whenever you like to put on your bonnet; so please don't abuse me any more or call me bad names. I want you to tell me something instead."

"What is it? You look quite excited."

"I am excited. I have just met an angel, and I want to know her name."

"Her name — an angel?"

"Yes. This angel was on a bay mare, the latter a tolerably neat animal with one white stocking. If you can't tell me who she is, I shall go forth and hang myself as soon as ever the sports are over and I have given you into Matt's care."

"How like you! Some woman, of course, and before you have been in the parish five minutes!" laughed Mrs. Jacobson. "Isn't he incorrigible, Miss Saunders?"

Miss Saunders, looking a little paler

than before, smiled faintly in answer. Perhaps at some period of his intimacy with the Jacobsons (and he had known them some time, Matt the husband being a stockbroker in the city, and having assisted at selling out some of his few hundreds on more than one occasion) Gareth had turned a not ungentle eye on the slim, interesting-looking governess, and had spoken a soft word or two for her comfort. Oppressed governesses, when pretty, always found a champion in this reprobate brother of Mrs. Hamilton; and though Miss Saunders was not at all oppressed, she had certainly been pretty once, and he may not have stood strictly on the bond as to her claim to notice. Now, she was hardly pretty at all; and, therefore, though she remembered the soft words he had forgotten them. Even the sweetness of his smile came by nature, not intent, and was diffused equally over governess, child, and luncheon table. He did not hear Mrs. Jacobson's appeal to her as he answered: "A woman? Well, I suppose so. She was in woman's form, anyhow. My dear friend, you must know her; for she lives somewhere in this neighborhood and she knows you. She told me so."

"Told you so! When?"

"Just now, when I was walking by her side under Box Hill."

"Walking with her when you don't even know her name! Very improper, indeed! and I am quite sure she was telling you a fib. I have no young lady acquaintances who ride about alone on bay mares, or ramble over Box Hill with fast young men. Don't tell me any more about her."

"I won't if you tell me something instead. Let me set you right on two points, however," and there was a little touch of earnestness superadded to the languid gaiety of Gareth's tone, which showed he meant what he said. "She was not riding alone, and she did not wander over the hill with me; and I am very sure she was not improper in any way, even by communication with my fastness."

"What did she do then, and how did you come across her?"

"She had dismounted to gather wild flowers, and her horse bolted. I happened to be near, having missed the right turning on my way here, and caught the brute for her. She allowed me to lead it back to the place where her companion (a parson by his rig) had left her, and then dismissed me. *Voilà tout!*"

"Dismissed you with some of the flowers by way of thank-offering!" said Mrs. Jacobson, glancing at Gareth's bouquet; then without waiting for him to deny the imputation, if he had been going to do so: "A girl riding with a clergyman — brown horse with one white stocking! Why, you must mean — Was she fair, rather pretty, with blue eyes?"

"She was fair certainly; light hair, and the bluest eyes I ever saw. As to 'rather pretty,' well, yes. I dare say a woman would call her so. That's a matter of opinion, however."

Mrs. Jacobson did not see the innuendo.

"Well, I dare say you wouldn't think her so," she said, "for she is not in your style — not at least if she is the girl I think; and I am pretty sure of it. Fair, blue eyes, and riding with a clergyman. Oh, it must be — mustn't it, Miss Saunders? — Miss —"

"Dysart," said Miss Saunders, speaking for the first time and in the tone of one who thought all this fuss very absurd.

"Yes, exactly. She's a Miss Dysart. There are two of them; but I only know the oldest one, and they live with their mother somewhere between Epsom and Chadleigh End, a house overlooking the park."

"Ah, indeed! Close to where I met her the first time then," cried Gareth.

"Oh, then this is not the first meeting? Take care, Mr. Gareth, or you will have young Ashleigh down on you. I am beginning to be sorry I asked you here."

"That is impolite, so I won't believe it. Who, pray, is young Ashleigh?"

"Her lover, the curate of Chadleigh End. They ride about everywhere together; and Mrs. de Boonyen told me he gave her that horse. Oh, I believe he's very well-to-do, a son of the rector of Dilworth and nephew of Sir William Ashleigh. They are county people, you know; and people say that Miss Dysart's mamma strained heaven and earth to make up the match."

"I should hardly think it was necessary unless the young man was made of stone. The Dysarts are not well-to-do, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; poor as rats, the De Boonyens say; but proud to an extent. I'm quite complimented at Miss Dysart's claiming my acquaintance, for they hold themselves so aloof in general that they will hardly know anybody."

"Evidently that rule has exceptions,

for she certainly said she knew you," Gareth put in as a conciliatory stroke. "And now tell me about these sports. Matt only said I was to be sure to get down in time for them, and that he would meet us there in the evening."

Gareth had said and learned as much as he cared to do for the present on the subject of Sybil Dysart, and having changed the conversation he kept it in entirely different channels for the rest of the afternoon, only taking pains to make himself more than usually agreeable to his hostess.

She was just the woman to like direct compliments, and he knew it and dosed her with them. A woman young, good-looking, of the large-nosed, full-lipped Judaic type, more than half a Jewess, indeed, and less than three-quarters a lady, Gareth knew that by a little love-making and a good deal of flattery he could twist her round his finger, and bided his time accordingly. It was only when they were driving home through the dusk of a May twilight, and had nearly reached Chadleigh End, that he took occasion to ask her in the most careless tone he could assume, —

"By the way, isn't it somewhere about here that you said my fair equestrian lives?"

To his great delight Mrs. Jacobson not only nodded but pointed to a house not far off.

"Yes, that's the place, behind the laurel hedge on the right. I dare say young Ashleigh is there at present."

Gareth mentally cursed young Ashleigh. He had no particular reason for doing so, seeing that the latter had done him no harm, and that he did not even know him by sight; but he cursed him all the same and with an inward heartiness which gave him courage to say aloud, —

"If he's a man of taste, he probably is. But I don't think he is a man of taste, or he wouldn't have left that sweet creature to pick wild flowers by herself this morning. My dear Mrs. Jacobson, here's something to amuse us. Let us cut him out."

"Us!" said Mrs. Jacobson, laughing. "Gareth Vane, don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not talking nonsense; I mean it. It is too early for grouse; but the game laws don't apply to all sport. I want to know that little beauty better; and as you tell me she is engaged, the luxury will be a safe one on both sides. Won't you help me? Take me to call there."

"The idea! Why, I don't call there myself. I've never even seen the mother, and they tell me she is an iceberg."

"Then we must manage it some other way. When you make difficulties you of course inspire one to overcome them. Where preacheth this clerical lover?"

"In Chadleigh church, of course. Where else?"

"And of course the 'lily maid' goes to hear him. My friend, it is not much in my way, but we will attend Chadleigh church next Sunday."

"And you pretended not to think Sybil Dysart pretty!" said Mrs. Jacobson. "What a shameless humbug you are! Well, it's a beautiful little church and a nice drive, so you shall be spoiled for once. Remember, though, if the mother is there I sha'n't dream of introducing you to your *innamorata*. I've no fancy for being snubbed because a dowdy old woman happens to be niece to an earl."

Mrs. Dysart very seldom did go to church. As she told Lionel's mother on one occasion, her health did not permit her to do so. She might have added with equal truth that young men's sermons (even those of her son-in-law elect) bored far more than they interested her, and that of Lion's ideas in particular she had full and plentiful feasts served out without grudge or parsimony in the seclusion of her own parlor. But with Sybil and Jenny it was quite otherwise; and, as Gareth rightly opined, it must have been a weighty circumstance which would have kept the girls from their weekly attendance at a church, which was not only endeared to them by being their own, but as having for its pastor the future husband of one and the adopted brother of the other. Perhaps there was nothing that Jenny found much more enjoyable in her somewhat uneventful life than Lion's sermons. So often they turned on something the two had already discussed or argued over; and though in that case the argument was often renewed later, and fought out with such irreverent heat by this independent-minded young lady, that Sybil's more submissive spirit was quite scandalized, Lion was always sure at any rate of his young antagonist's full and eager attention, the great bright eyes meeting his at every point with quick appreciation; while sometimes on the other hand Sybil's snowy lids drooped over hers lower than even the meekness of devotion required; and, but for the mortification of admitting such an idea.

he might have almost fancied she was asleep.

On the Sunday following Princess's escapade, the two fair faces were visible as usual in their accustomed pew, wearing more than their usual likeness to one another, because subdued by a common spirit of devotion and recollection, and more than their usual unlikeness to the rest of the gay, not to say over-dressed little congregation of Chadleigh End, by the Puritan simplicity of their plain, close-fitting grey dresses and bonnets, the only finery about them a little black lace scarf knotted round either throat, with a white rosebud nestled into it. The lace was of real Chantilly, and very fine. The rosebuds were real, too, and freshly gathered; but I doubt whether Mrs. Dysart would have permitted the latter adornment if Sybil had not cunningly secured Lion's admiration for it first, and ordered Jenny to don one also, that the mother's indulgence might find a double claimant.

Jenny obeyed cheerfully. She would have donned a rose or a domino with equal willingness to please her sister, and thought no more about it afterwards. She never gave a remembrance to the flower when once she had passed through the church door. The fragrance of it only blended with the notes of the organ (a better one than is generally found in village churches) to lift her senses into a higher and more ideal sphere; but Sybil was not above a little innocent girlish vanity in such matters, and could not help a gentle feeling of satisfaction every time she felt the cool touch of the petals against her skin. She knew the blossom was no whiter than that soft white chin above it, Lion had told her so, and as she raised her eyes to his during the sermon, she wondered if the thought were still in his mind.

It was not! I do not mean any disparagement to his ardor as a lover; for the young curate was well aware of the presence of his betrothed, and perhaps preached all the better for an occasional glance at her fair, pure face; but she might have worn a bearskin or a yashmak without his being in any way cognizant of it. He would have liked her just as well.

To-day he was giving a sermon after his own heart. The text he had taken for it was: "Render therefore to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's," and he used it to illustrate the duties of tenants and laborers to their landlords and employers, and those of the latter to them. Not a

bad text for an agricultural congregation; but somehow in Lion's levelling hands the obligations of the landlords waxed far larger than those of the tenants; while even that "tribute penny" which was to be rendered to Cæsar in return, grew small by degrees and "beautifully less" until it had dwindled into such insignificant dimensions that it showed a palpable ungenerosity and meanness in Cæsar to stoop to exact it at all.

It was a sermon which would have infuriated Mr. Chawler and the Dilworth squirearchy in general, and shocked and angered his father; but which was doubtless exceedingly satisfactory to Hodge sitting at the lower end of the church; or rather would have been so supposing that Hodge had understood anything about it. It is perhaps rather a hindrance, however, to the enthusiasm of that rural but somewhat thick-skulled individual's admirers that he generally finds their perorations on his behalf quite as unintelligible as the counter arguments of his tyrants and oppressors, and that, unless provided with an interpreter, the former do not receive as much gratitude from him as the energy of their efforts in his service deserve.

Hodge understood Lion perfectly when he was sent for to the vicarage and rated in good frank language as from man to man for being drunk and lazy. He did the same when the curate sent poor consumptive old Hodge a jug of ale and plate of meat from his own table every Sunday, and apprenticed Widow Hodge's eldest son to a good trade when his father's death left the boy with seven others on the poor woman's hands.

All that sort of thing was plain and simple enough; and Hodge modified the sheepish scowl with which he received the lecture by grinning at the charity, and vowing "parson were a good 'un in the main, an' noan so bad there mightn't be worser;" but when Lion trenched on higher ranges of thought or action, when he met poor lost Lizzie Hodge sitting under a hedge with her fever-stricken child on her knee, and taking the little lad from her, carried him right across Epsom Common, and into the town, through a blinding snowstorm, and with the exhausted outcast mother clinging to his arm; and when on the same day he sharply refused to allow even the smallest charity to able-bodied men and women who hadn't earned it, he became wholly unintelligible to the bucolic mind, and more than slightly repellent. Squire Chawler's curses conjoined with his beef and coals at Christ-

mas were far easier to comprehend, as were the indiscriminate sixpences and soup-tickets of the Miss de Boonyens even when accompanied by the donors' shrinking avoidance of the objects of their liberality; and Hodge accepted both of these, and ran after them with a servile greediness which at times lashed his would-be champion and idealizer into almost impatient despair.

To-day, if he roused excitement in any one it was in Jenny. Disagreeing utterly with Lion's social theories, while reverencing and admiring with her whole heart the nobility of character which gave them birth, he kept her in a small tempest of enthusiasm and deprecation which held her attention riveted on his words to the exclusion of all else; and only when the hymn was given out at the end, and she turned towards her sister with the book which they shared in common, did she notice that the latter's cheeks too were glowing with equal fire, and her eyes brilliant, with an expression quite different from the angelic indifference which they usually wore in church.

Jenny was sure that Sybil was feeling with her, and burnt with eagerness to discuss the whole subject as soon as they were free. She rather hurried their exit from church when the service was over in her impatience to get away from the other people and begin the comments which were tingling on her lips, and had just succeeded in beguiling her sister into a different path from the rest, when a very stylishly-dressed lady whom she only knew by sight disengaged herself from the crowd, and crossing the grass held out her hand to Sybil with a greeting quite effusive in its cordiality.

"How do you do, Miss Dysart? What a long time since we have met! And what a clever preacher you have! Quite delightful to hear anything so original. I almost wish we were in this parish, but at any rate my friend Mr. Vane here owns I haven't brought him to church to-day to hear twaddle. By the way, let me introduce—Mr. Vane, Miss Dysart. What! You have met before?"

"Twice, I think," said Gareth, with a smiling look into Sybil's eyes; and those stag-like ones of Jenny's opened to indignant width. A handsome enough man, this stranger; but what business had any stranger to make her sister blush by staring at her so boldly, and to offer her his hand with almost the eagerness of an old friend?

"Very free and easy! I hope she will

snub him well," said Miss Jenny to herself.

Apparently Sybil had left church in a more charitable mood. She let Gareth take her hand and even smiled too; and he bent a little forward and said something which if Jenny could have believed her ears sounded like,—

"You see I was right. We have met again. I am so glad." At that moment, however, Mrs. Jacobson had turned to her, and, in listening to and answering her, the girl felt that she might not have caught the words properly. She had not bargained, however, for what followed. The stock-broker's lively young wife was certainly disposed to earn her guest's gratitude by no half measures, and to that end she poured out pretty speeches and civilities on Jenny, asking why she and her sister never came to Birchwood. The latter had called once, and Mrs. Jacobson had quite hoped she would do so again. It wasn't so very far, nothing like the distance to Dilworth, and she knew they visited there. Indeed, she would have called at Hillbrow herself but that never having met Mrs. Dysart she felt rather shy. She was quite charmed that they had happened to encounter one another that morning.

While all this was being uttered she had moved on, keeping Jenny at her side, while Gareth and Sybil were left to follow. Jenny would have found it impossible to detach herself without positive rudeness; but it was not pleasant to her, for she knew nothing of Mrs. Jacobson save that she had once met her at a juvenile cricket-match at Chadleigh Park, and that she had heard Lion allude to her as "rather rapid." She disliked "rapid" ladies, however, with all her heart, and Mrs. Jacobson's over-bright eyes and bloom, her gorgeous dress, her jewellery, and the lisp with which she spoke, all tended to confirm her belief in the justice of the stricture and to inspire Jenny with repugnance. She answered very coldly, her soft, high-bred tones sounding as if iced, and walked as slowly as she could, glancing behind her for her sister at intervals in the hope of a rescue; but it is not easy for nineteen when shy and modest to snub nine-and-twenty when neither, and Mrs. Jacobson did not seem to see the intention.

"This is your way, too, I suppose," she said cheerfully. "I told our coachman to wait for us in the village; for my horses are young and not very well broken, and a clash of church bells is apt to make

them skittish. By the way, you ride, don't you, Miss Dysart? Your sister does, I know. Such a pretty horse, almost the same color as my Rosabelle. Why don't you ride over to Birchwood to lunch some day?"

Certainly there was no way of checking Mrs. Jacobson's friendliness or getting away from her, and she walked on at such a pace that Jenny was afraid Sybil would feel herself deserted, and did not wonder she found it impossible to keep company with them. It was a comfort to her to reflect that when they gained the high-road their ways lay in opposite directions; but even then Mrs. Jacobson made a stand, and not satisfied with saying good-bye, assailed Sybil with the same warmth of invitation which she had lavished on her sister.

"Your sister tells me she doesn't ride. I am so sorry; for I have been teasing her to come and see me; but you do, I know, so you have no excuse. Now do come to luncheon some day. I shall be so glad. I've been wanting to see more of you ever since that pleasant afternoon on the cricket-field, and you must excuse informality. We Mickleham people are shockingly informal, aren't we, Mr. Vane?"

"Are you?" he said, laughing. "If so, I am glad of it. I like informality when I like the people it brings me among."

He looked towards Sybil as he spoke, and though her face was turned towards Mrs. Jacobson he saw the color mount into it.

"I shall be very glad to come some day," she said shyly.

CHAPTER XIII.

JENNY DIFFERS.

"My dear Sybil, what a horrid woman, and how could you be dragged into saying you would go to see her!" Jenny exclaimed, as the sisters, released at last, turned their steps homewards. "You are not half severe enough in putting people down. I did my best, but it wasn't much good, and I hoped you would second me."

Sybil laughed. She was still looking a little flushed and excited, just enough to make her prettier than ever, and Gareth had thought so, as for the second time he took her hand in bidding her good-bye. His eyes said as much; but fortunately she was as unconscious of their meaning as of the outraged state of Jenny's feelings.

"Was Mrs. Jacobson pushing? I didn't notice it," she said. "I thought she seemed very kind, and I did go there once, you know; Lion took me. What didn't you like in her, Jenny?"

"What?" repeated Jenny. The question took away her breath. She had never contemplated the idea that Sybil would not agree with her, or that there could be two opinions on the subject. "Why, everything. Her over-talk, and her over-dress, and her lisp, and even her color; for I am sure it was artificial. Why, Sybil, I should have thought she was just the woman you and Lion would have abominated."

There could be no suspicion as to artificiality in Sybil's color, it came too readily; but with it there was a look of displeasure at present, and she answered more decidedly than was at all her wont.

"I am not given to 'abominating' people, Jenny, and I think it is a pity to use such strong expressions, even if Lion does. Besides, I hardly fancy he would have taken me to Mrs. Jacobson's if he had had such a feeling against her, and I don't think it is charitable to run down other women in that way. You will make very few friends if you get into the habit of it."

It was on Jenny's lips to say that she would not care to make many friends of the Mrs. Jacobson stamp; but she was so petrified by her sister's tone, that for the moment she hardly found words to answer at all. What had she said that was so uncharitable? Was it about the only too apparent rouge on Mrs. Jacobson's cheeks? Well, perhaps she might have been wrong in her suspicions. She must have been, in expressing them, or Sybil would not have been so vexed. Sybil at any rate was sure to be right.

"Was I running her down?" she said good-temperedly. "I didn't mean to do so, poor woman, and perhaps she can't help her lisp. Still, Sybil, I must own I thought her very pushing; and if mamma had been there I expect she would have said the same. Surely you don't like her?"

"I don't either like or dislike people I know nothing about," Sybil answered with the same slight touch of petulance; "but as for mamma— Well, Jenny, you know as well as I that it is not fair to quote her, seeing that she hardly ever takes to any one. If we were to do exactly as mamma does we might as well live in a hermitage at once; but I don't suppose she always shunned society as

she does now. And we have not even her excuse. We are not widows or — or middle-aged people."

"I don't want to shun society, I am sure," said Jenny, feeling herself put in the wrong, but hardly knowing how. "Surely, however, one can tell good style from bad, and there is a difference between shutting oneself up in a hermitage and being a little particular. Indeed, I thought that you would have been more vexed than I, because you were left to walk behind with that handsome, fast-looking man who stared so rudely and shook hands when he was introduced to you as coolly as if —"

"He knew me already," Sybil put in, her cheeks more crimson than pink now, but speaking in a much gentler tone. "And so he did! Do you remember, Jenny, my telling you last autumn how nearly I was shot one day coming home through Farmer Dyson's field in the partridge season, and how kind and sorry the — the person was about it? Well, that gentleman that we met to-day was the same man; and I have seen him once since then as well — only last week, when Lion and I were out riding. I had dismounted, while Lion went into a house, and had tied Princess to a tree; but she managed to loose herself and get away; and fortunately he — this gentleman was passing and caught her for me. I was very grateful to him for it, and I think," the soft eyes brightening, "that if he had been a fast man he might have dispensed with an introduction altogether. As it was, I was very pleased to meet him again, and be able to thank him; and I dare say you would have been the same in my place; for nothing could have been kinder or more courteous than he was; and he didn't even know who I was, and must have thought me very awkward and troublesome, and — and foolish altogether."

"Why, Sybil, of course I should," cried Jenny, all the more penitently because Sybil's voice had assumed an almost tearful intonation. "Only, how could I guess who he was! I remember that fright of yours quite well. It alarmed me even to hear of it; and we didn't tell mamma lest it should upset her. I suppose that was why you didn't mention having met him again last week. Do you think he recognized you then?"

"Oh, yes! Why, I recognized him," said Sybil, adding simply: "It was easier for me, however, because he is so much better-looking than most men. His fea-

tures are so regular, and the eyes — Did you notice them, and the face altogether, Jenny? It is like a picture."

But Jenny had been scolded, and was in a wilful mood.

"What picture?" she asked. "No, no, Sybil; I will forgive him for shaking hands with you under the circumstances, but I can't admire his eyes. They were like the wolf's in 'Little Red Riding Hood.' Take care of yourself. He has begun by shooting at you. He may end by eating you up."

She turned in at their own gate as she spoke, laughing merrily still, but Sybil's smile in answer was rather forced, and she was glad that Jenny turned off into the yard to visit Rolf the watch-dog, and so left her free to go to her own room alone.

Sybil did not like mysteries and unconventionalities; and her last encounter with Gareth had left an uncomfortable feeling on her mind: a feeling which increased to actual embarrassment when, lifting her eyes during the sermon, she suddenly saw him in a pew not far from her and gazing at her with fixed, appealing eyes, as if seeking the recognition which she felt her cheeks were giving in spite of herself. Mrs. Jacobson's friendly greeting and prompt introductions had set that all right; and Gareth seemed so delighted at it, spoke so gratefully of the happy "chance" which had brought him and his hostess to Chadleigh church that morning, and said so many more pretty things to her during the few minutes that they were together than she generally received in the course of a fortnight, that she could not help feeling pleased and fluttered too. It is all very well to be quite superior to admiration, and all very nice to be engaged to a man who goes in for sensible conversation instead of silly compliments; but at one-and-twenty compliments don't always seem silly, and sensible conversation sometimes wearies.

It was rather a way of Gareth's to talk to girls whom he admired as though they were children, and he a man of middle age and experience; and it is true that he was aged — in the latter. Sybil was not. Perhaps for that very reason she felt inclined to admire him more unreservedly than if he had been quite a young man. Indeed, she thought him much older than he was; the very way in which he alluded to Lionel as a young fellow of much promise seeming to stamp himself with the seal of seniority, and to take any sound of impertinence from a speech he

made as he showed Sybil a few half-withered flowers in his button-hole.

"Do you know what hand dropped these? I have kept them, for I had a fancy that I should touch it with mine before they faded quite; but they have needed a great deal of cherishing to make my fancy come true."

And Lion had knocked their fellows into the dirt and trampled on them! Sybil must have been more than strong-minded not to feel mortified and flattered at the same moment.

She said no more about it, however. Jenny's railery, either because it vexed her, or because she was annoyed at being vexed by it, had that effect, it sealed her lips: a bad thing in a woman, say what you will to the contrary. Talk is a woman's safety-valve. It is not till she is deprived of that medium for mental evaporation that she becomes dangerous.

If, however, Jenny's little joke about Red Riding Hood's wolf prevented her sister from saying any more to her of its object, Sybil's strictures had the effect of silencing the young girl on the score of Mr. Vane's hostess; and when later in the afternoon she overheard Sybil giving an account of the meeting with Mrs. Jacobson to her mother, and describing in her own pleasant way the former's friendliness and agreeability, Jenny glided out of the room lest her silence should appear like dissent, and a dissent all the more unamiable because she saw from Sybil's way of putting it that Mrs. Jacobson's warm admiration of Lion formed the chief ground for her sister's appreciation of the lady.

Mrs. Dysart thought the same and laughed a little as she answered, stroking the fair head: "I'm afraid my daughter would find something charming in any one who admired her lover. Still, I own our Lion's sermons are a trifle better than those of young curates in general; and it shows a certain superiority in a woman of these parts" (there was always a modicum of fine scorn in Mrs. Dysart's allusions to the neighborhood where she had elected to dwell) "to be able to appreciate the difference. The boy will be flattered if people from Mickleham come to hear him."

"And London people, too, mamma," said Sybil a little eagerly. "For the gentleman with Mrs. Jacobson, a Mr. Vane, had only run down from town for a few days; and he said he would rather hear Lion than a good many fashionable London preachers. He was a literary man

himself, he told me so, and that he knew most of the men of the day; so he ought to be a judge. I—I should have liked you to have seen him, mammy."

"Ah, I have drifted out of the world of literary people since I came down here," sighed Mrs. Dysart, "but it was for you girls, and it has been all for the best. I would rather see people through your eyes now. If Mrs. Jacobson calls, as you say she wants to do, I will submit to it for Lion's sake; but for my own I know quite enough people."

She did not say anything about submitting to see Mrs. Jacobson's friend; and the idea would not even have occurred to Sybil herself. She had done her duty in mentioning him, and in doing so had persuaded herself as well as her mother that any interest she might feel in him was on Lion's account. Dear Lion! It was pleasant to hear him praised by strangers.

Lion himself was ungrateful, however.

"Mrs. Jacobson!" he exclaimed in anything but complimentary tones, when coming to call a day or two later he found Jenny in the garden by herself, and heard that his lady-love was out, having been carried off for a drive by the lady in question. "What on earth brought her here?"

"She called," said Jenny rather shortly; then seeing further enquiries in Lion's uplifted eyebrows: "Mamma had a headache and was lying down—she is now—so Sybil went down; and as it was such a lovely day Mrs. Jacobson persuaded her to go for a drive. Mamma said she might. She will be sorry, though, if she finds you came when she was out."

"I am sorry she went," said Lion. "Sybil is too good to be driving about with that vulgar little woman. What made her call here at all?"

"Why—didn't Syb tell you?—she was at church last Sunday. I think she said she came over to hear you preach, and admired your sermon immensely. She walked as far as the turning with us afterwards, and praised your eloquence to the skies."

"Flummery!" said Lion. "I don't believe she ever listened to a sermon in her life or could tell you what it was about. Just like her; all flummery together!"

"Who is uncharitable now!" cried Jenny, looking up from the geranium she was planting to shake her trowel laughingly at her future brother. "If Sybil were here wouldn't you get a lecture! I did the other day for finding fault with

this Mrs. Jacobson; she fancied that you liked her, Lion."

"I? What put that idea into her head?"

"Because you took her to call there once. She told me so; and she likes her."

"Then I'm very sorry for it. I took her? Oh, yes; I remember now. There was a thunderstorm coming on, and Mrs. Jacobson met us just at her own gate as we rode by and insisted on our coming in for shelter. I didn't like to refuse, because Sybil had a cold and the other woman made such a fuss it would have seemed churlish; but I never thought she would have built up a visiting acquaintance on it."

"I am comforted," said Jenny demurely. "I was beginning to think I was very wicked in not falling in love with that Mrs. Jacobson, Sybil seemed so shocked at my want of charity."

"Ah, that was because she is always so tenderly charitable herself," said Lion fondly, his ill-humor passing away at the thought of his lady-love's good qualities. "You know how she hates to be discourteous or to hurt any one's feelings. Sometimes I doubt whether she remembers that she has any wishes of her own, she is so ready to fall in with other people's. I dare say she won't even own to having been bored when she comes back. There, Jenny, leave those geraniums and come indoors, I've something to show you. A friend has sent me a parcel from New Zealand of the most lovely ferns; and I brought them round with me. They'll make your mouth water."

Sybil in the mean time was on her homeward way, bowling smoothly along a broad, sunny road in Mrs. Jacobson's stylish barouche, with that lady at her side, and Gareth's blue eyes looking into hers from the opposite seat. They had picked him up on the way, as he was "taking a walk," and he had gathered a little bunch of wild flowers, wood anemones and violets like those Sybil had dropped the other day, which he gave her with a smile that supplied the need of any words. Perhaps he had never in all his idle life tried so hard to make himself agreeable to any one as to this shy, sweet, maidenly girl, who was not like any other he was in the habit of meeting. She was so utterly destitute of coquetry, so innocently sweet and gracious, so trustful in others, and withal so exquisitely modest and dignified, that she fascinated him like some rare flower, or delicate perfume. Even Mrs. Jacobson felt the charm as

honestly, and tried to imitate the air and manner which contained it; and Gareth saw the effort, and laughed savagely within him at the absurdity of it. To him it was like an ape mimicking a dove; but he was ungrateful to make such a comparison, for poor Mrs. Jacobson was going out of her way for his pleasure, and she was not so bad after all. Of course, she was vain, and vulgar, and loud, but there was no harm in her. She was quite as fond of her husband as Mrs. Dysart could have been of hers; and if she "went on" with Gareth Vane in a way which Jenny would have stigmatized as flirting, she cared no more in reality for that dangerous Apollo than for any other good-looking young man with sufficient spare time to enliven Birchwood now and then with a visit, and help her in keeping Matt at home of an evening. That Matt was a terribly black sheep; and perhaps his wife wouldn't have used so much rouge now if she hadn't cried away a good deal of her natural bloom during the first year or two of her married life.

At present she was in high good-humor, first at giving the neighborhood an opportunity of seeing one of the exclusive Miss Dysarts in her carriage, and secondly at having secured an attraction to detain Gareth longer at Birchwood; and she therefore laid herself out to second his efforts at being agreeable with such success, that when Sybil alighted at her own door, it was with the bright expression of one who had thoroughly enjoyed herself, and a sincere hope that mamma would let her accept an invitation to lunch at Birchwood, which had been given her for the following week.

"My last day in the country! Do come, please," Gareth said entreatingly; and Sybil thought she would certainly like to do so.

She came in radiant and glowing as the afternoon sunshine itself to the school-room where the other two were still bending over the oak table, a pile of dead ferns before them, one or two similar heaps — Jenny's old collections — littered about, and half-a-dozen open books scattered over floor and table. Jenny was just arguing something in her clear, eager treble, and Lion disputing with her so warmly, that they did not hear the door open. Sybil held up both her pretty grey-gloved hands.

"Oh, what a mess!" she cried, with half real, half laughing horror. "Lion, you are too bad. Untidy yourself, and

making Jenny worse. How am I to shake hands across all this litter!"

"Try," said Lion, stretching across it to prison one hand in his big hold. "Never you mind her, Jenny. She scolds us because she has been bored herself. Well, you poor victim to politeness, how have you survived it? I was very angry to find you had gone."

"Angry! Why?" asked Sybil innocently. "Indeed, it was very pleasant; and oh, Jenny, what do you think?"

But Jenny interrupted her.

"There, Lion, I told you so! Sybil never will own that being amiable to uncongenial people is unpleasant. I believe she makes a principle of it. Sybil, come and look at these lovely foreign ferns. Now, isn't this an *Asplenium*? Lion declares it's a *Gymnogramma*, but I am sure it's as like our *Asplenium Ruta-Muraria* as it can be. Look."

"Very like," said Sybil, glancing at the fern without much attention. Dead plants were by no means as interesting to her as green and growing ones. "But, Jenny, did you hear what I was saying. Mr. Vane has been in Austria. He was there two years ago, and stayed several days in our town; he —"

"Mr. Vane? Oh! the man with the Red Riding Hood wolf's eyes," said Jenny. "Was he with you, then? Does he live with the Jacobsons?"

"Surely Mrs. Jacobson hadn't the coolness to bring her men friends here?" cried Lion. "What impertinence! It was well for her your mother wasn't down. Don't, for goodness' sake, get intimate with that woman, Sybil. Jacobson is thoroughly bad, fast and hard-living, and his friends are the same. Now, Jenny, you are putting the wrong ones together. That's no more an *Asplenium* than I am. Look at the arrangement of the spores, and —"

Sybil went quietly away to take off her bonnet. She was not cross with either Lion or her sister for their strictures on her new friends or their absorption in the occupation they had in hand; but she was disappointed. The drive had been so pleasant. Such pretty things had been said, both of her sister and her lover. Mr. Vane had even compared the latter's style to that of Kingsley, and expressed a wish to know him; and it had been so delightful to hear that old town on the Adriatic, where her earliest years were passed, spoken of with the interest of intimacy. She wanted to share her pleasure with Lion and Jenny, to tell

them all about it; and her confidences had been rebuffed, and her friends sneered at!

When Jenny came running up-stairs a little later, to say tea was ready, and mamma and Lion calling out for their sunbeam to sweeten it, she went down at once and showed herself as bright and serene as a sunbeam should; but she said no more of her late companions, and Jenny did not even know whence came the little bunch of wild flowers which she found in a glass of water on the table by her sister's bed.

From Temple Bar.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

AMONG the Irishmen who took part in the events which led to the rebellion of 1798, and stood out boldly to denounce and resist the corrupt despotism beneath which their country groaned, there are few who hold so high a place as Lord Edward FitzGerald. It was patriotism, wholly disinterested, that urged him to the lengths he went; and had the cause he espoused been gained, instead of lost, he would have been ranked among the heroes of modern history. As it is, his memory will always be cherished by his countrymen.

He was born in 1763, being the fifth son of James, first Duke of Leinster, by his marriage with Lady Emilia Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He was ten years old when he lost his father. The following year, his mother married a Scotch gentleman, named Ogilvie, who proved an excellent stepfather to her younger children.

The army was the profession for which young FitzGerald was intended, and to which his own taste inclined. We find him at seventeen, in America, serving with his regiment, the 10th, in the war with our revolted colonies. Here his gallant conduct procured him the post of aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon. Whenever the danger was greatest, there he was to be found; in one engagement he received a deep sword-cut in the thigh, was dashed from his horse, and left on the field for dead. He was discovered in such sorry plight, by a poor Indian, who carried him to his hut, and nursed him till he was able to be removed to Charlestown. This negro, who became strongly attached to the young man he had befriended, refused to leave him, and we

hear of him often as "the faithful Tony," following his master wherever he went.

On the conclusion of the American war, the 19th Regiment proceeded to the island of Saint Lucia, in the West Indies. Having remained with it there some months, Lord Edward returned home at the instance of his relations in Ireland. About the same time a dissolution of Parliament took place, and he was brought in by his eldest brother, the Duke of Leinster, as representative for the borough of Athy. He now settled down to lead a life which, when contrasted with the stirring scenes in which he had taken part in America, seemed tame enough. Still the time passed pleasantly, for he spent it chiefly with his mother, whom he loved with a tenderness not at all too common among sons, either then or now. The duchess, it may here be observed, was that lady the full sweetness of whose expression of countenance Sir Joshua Reynolds, when painting her portrait, found it difficult to render, and told Burke so. She appears to have been quite as sweet as she looked, besides being the most indulgent of parents to her soldier son, and—as one is tempted to imagine—her favorite child.

Dublin at this period was a gay capital (not a dowdy dowager among cities), and Lord Edward, while mixing in society there, met, and fell in love with, Lady Catherine Meade,* a daughter of Lord Clanwilliam. Before this affair of the heart had advanced too far, his cautious stepfather, to get him out of temptation's way, hurried him off to England, and persuaded him, as Parliament was then up, to go through a course of gunnery instruction at Woolwich. Lord Edward consented to the plan; yet that, in the midst of his studies, his heart remained in Ireland, is pretty clear from the tone of his letters to the duchess. "I am as busy as ever," he writes in midsummer, 1786;

it is the only resource I have, for I have no pleasure in anything. I need not say I hope you are kind to pretty dear Kate; I am sure you are. I want you to like her almost as much as I do; it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively.

It would be unfair to accuse Lord Edward of fickleness, when he at last appears to have been serious: nevertheless, it is certain that, before the year was out, he had forgotten "pretty Kate," and fallen a victim to the superior charms of

his first cousin, Miss Lennox, at whose father's house in Sussex he had been staying on a visit. In this case, too, the course of true love refused to run smoothly. The lady's father would not hear of their marrying, his leading objections being their youth, and the inadequacy of their means. At length, seeing that his nephew was likely to prove a lover more constant than reasonable, he forbade him to enter his house.

This was a cruel disappointment to the young man, and the inactive life he led on his return to Dublin—varied only by his Parliamentary duties—made him feel it all the more. His one wish now was to get away—he cared not how far—anywhere, so that the scene were changed. Without telling anybody of his intentions, he set out to join the 54th Regiment, into which he had exchanged at the time of his leaving the West Indies, and which was now stationed at St. John, New Brunswick. He went first to Halifax, and made the journey thence to St. John by land. His letters, recounting what he saw on the way, show that he possessed no mean powers of observation and description.

A lovesick man is usually attracted by solitude, and so it was with the subject of this paper. Uppermost in his thoughts was the remembrance of his cousin, and he repines at the idea that she might have been his, had the social status of each been other than it was. "If it were not," he writes,

that the people I love, and wish to live with, are civilized people, and like houses, etc., I really would join the savages, and leaving all our fictitious, ridiculous wants, be what nature intended we should be. Savages have all the real happiness of life without any of those inconveniences, or obstacles to it, which custom has introduced among us. They enjoy the love and company of their wives, relations, and friends, without any interference of interests or ambition to separate them.

Fortunately, his regimental duties kept his mind employed, or he might have given way overmuch to gloomy reflections. He relates in what manner his days were spent:—

I get up at five o'clock, go out and exercise the men from six till eight, come home and breakfast; from that till three I read, write, and settle all the different business of the regiment; at four we dine, at half after six we go out, parade, and drill till sundown; from that till nine I walk by myself, build castles in the air, think of you all, reflect on the pleasant time past as much as possible, and on the dis-

* Afterwards Lady Powerscourt.

agreeable as little as possible; think of all the pleasant things that may yet happen, and of none of the unpleasant ones. When I am tired of myself, come home to bed and sleep till the faithful Tony comes in the morning. His black face is the only thing that I yet feel attached to.*

In summer, this routine was varied by exploring expeditions up some river or creek in his canoe; in winter, by skating or moose-hunting.

The celebrated William Cobbett was at this time a sergeant-major in the 54th, engaged, in his moments of leisure, in that task of self-instruction and self-improvement which enabled him to make a figure in the world. He tells us that it was owing to the good offices of his major, Lord Edward, that he afterwards obtained his discharge from the army.

In 1789 FitzGerald set out homewards on leave. His first stage was to Quebec from Fredericton, a journey of one hundred and seventy-five miles, described as being "entirely through uninhabited woods, morasses, and mountains—a route never before attempted even by the Indians." He and his companions accomplished this unprecedented journey in twenty-six days, steering their course by compass. But this exploit did not satisfy him. He had long set his heart on descending the Mississippi to New Orleans, and here was his opportunity for so doing. The voyage, full as it was of interest and variety delighted him. "It has done me a great deal of good," he says in a letter to one of his brothers: "I have seen human nature under all its forms. Everywhere it is the same; but the wilder it is, the more virtuous."

While at New Orleans, awaiting a passage to England, he heard of the marriage of his charming cousin, Miss Lennox, with Lord Bathurst. He says that he bore the unwelcome intelligence "tolerably well;" but, for all that, he keenly felt so sudden a dissipation of his dreams.

On his arrival in England, he was offered by Pitt, whom he met at dinner at the Duke of Richmond's, the command of the then projected expedition against Cadiz. The opening, an excellent one for a young, ambitious soldier, was readily and thankfully snatched at. Next day, however, he learned what he was ignorant of before, namely, that, during his absence, his brother of Leinster, had returned him to Parliament for the county of Kildare. Now his political opinions

had long since been formed. When sitting for Athy, three years before, he had consistently followed the lead of such lights as Grattan and Curran, and his vote had been invariably given against the government.

The ministry from whom he received an appointment, would, of course, expect his support in return. But to desert the ranks of the opposition, and act against his conscience, was what a man, honest as he was, could not bring himself to do. Accordingly, he withdrew his acceptance of the command that had been offered to him. At this his uncle was much incensed; and it is supposed, not without reason, that the English government began, from this moment, to watch his conduct with suspicion.

Liberal as Lord Edward's opinions already were, the close friendship he formed while in London with Fox, Sheridan, and other Whig leaders, did not tend to make them less so. The political turmoil commencing in France was occupying the attention, and (as yet) winning the sympathy of all lovers of liberty. It was impossible for any patriotic Irishman to watch the progress of the Revolution there, and not look forward to a time when his own country might free herself from the bonds that English misrule had cast around her. So eagerly did he follow the struggle that he seems almost to have remained blind to the hideous excesses which accompanied it. Here is the tone of exultation in which he alludes to it, when writing to his mother from London in October, 1792. It must be remembered that only a month had passed since the authorized massacres committed at the prisons in Paris, had made the civilized world shudder.

I dined with Charles Fox, Saturday, on coming to town; he was quite right about all the good French news. Is it not delightful? It is really shameful to see how much it has affected our *aristocrats*. I think one may fairly say the Duke of Brunswick and his Germans are bedevilled.

He speaks out thus bluntly, but in the next few sentences, the softer side of his character is apparent.

I begin to feel a little pity for the emigrants, though I am sure they deserve none. They have so completely ruined their cause, that I believe they will lose everything. Some, I am sure, thought they were acting aright and honorably; and these, though surprised and angry at their errors, one cannot help pitying.

To be absent from the scene of action

* Letters to his mother, August, 1783.

was no longer possible. He hurried over to Paris, and put up with his friend, Thomas Paine, the author of "The Rights of Man," for whom he had the profoundest admiration, and to whose "simplicity of manner, goodness of heart, and strength of mind," he bears testimony. He attended a meeting at which, besides a host of English, several deputies from the Convention assembled. Here ultra-republican speeches were made, and highly significant toasts proposed. To one of the latter, the following fervent wish was tacked on: "May the patriotic airs '*Ca ira*,' the '*Carmagnole*,' and the '*Marseillaise*,' soon become the favorite music of every army, and may the soldier and the citizen join in the chorus!" Another followed "to the speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions."

These irregular doings quickly became known to the authorities at home, the result being that FitzGerald's name was straightway removed from the army list.

He was not unprepared to hear this: indeed it was only what he expected. He dismissed the matter from his thoughts, which were now completely absorbed, not only by the political crisis of which he was a witness, but by a subject more nearly affecting his own personal happiness. In the love affair with his cousin, his hopes, as we have seen, had been blighted. He had since then indulged in divers fleeting *liaisons*, but in no serious attachment. He was not destined, though, to continue heart-whole for long.

Going to the theatre one evening with his friend Mr. Stone, to see a play called "Lodoiska," his attention was caught by the extreme beauty of a young girl who, in company with two other ladies and a gentleman, sat in a box near his own. Mr. Stone was happily acquainted with the whole party, which consisted of Madame de Genlis, her daughter and son-in-law (M. and Madame de Valence) and her so-called adopted child, Pamela Sims. As soon as the curtain had fallen on the first act, he led the impatient Irishman to the box, and introduced him to those within.

FitzGerald was very cordially received by Madame de Genlis, who had only recently arrived from England, where she had enjoyed the friendship and hospitality of their mutual friend Sheridan.* He

found her as ardent in the cause of liberty as he was himself; but when the lovely Pamela raised her splendid eyes to his, and breathed the same sentiments, in language simpler though none the less sincere, he was enslaved at once.

And if Lord Edward was attracted by Pamela, no less so was she by him. He was now in his twenty-ninth year. In stature, he was rather short than tall. His figure was strongly and symmetrically built. His face was oval in form, his features regular, and his complexion healthfully ruddy. His dark full blue eyes were shaded by jet-black lashes which lent a peculiar softness to their expression. His gait was easy and active, his demeanor marked by an Irish heartiness, together with a certain courtliness acquired during his early youth in France. To complete his portrait, the following encomium passed on him by General Sir John Doyle, who had served on the staff with him in America, may here be quoted:

Of my friend FitzGerald's excellent qualities, I should never tire in speaking. I never knew so lovable a person, and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaité de cœur*, his valor almost chivalrous, and above all, his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits which bore him up against all fatigue; but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits—it was a valor *sui generis*. Had fortune happily placed him in a situation, however difficult, where he could legitimately have brought those varied qualities into play, I am confident he would have proved a proud ornament to his country.*

And now, quitting our main subject for a space, let us turn to Pamela, who, if only for her beauty, merits more than a passing glance. In the first place, who was she? She is declared by Madame de Genlis in her "Memoirs" to have been the daughter of an Englishman named Seymour, or Seymours,† who, though well-born himself, had married beneath him, thereby offending his relations. After his marriage, Seymour (alias De Brixey) and his wife (whose maiden name was Sims) fled together from the frowns of his family, and settled at Fogo Island, off the north-east coast of Newfoundland. There, in process of time, Mrs. Seymours de Brixey gave birth to

* The poet Rogers states that Sheridan was himself one of Pamela's numerous admirers, and gave himself considerable trouble, on one occasion, in putting together some French verses for her acceptance. — "Table-talk of Samuel Rogers," p. 69.

* Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward FitzGerald, pp. 26, 27.

† Strange to say, this gentleman figures in Pamela's marriage contract as William de Brixey.

a daughter, who received the name of Nancy. The father then died, and his widow, accompanied by Nancy, returned to England in a state of destitution, and establishing herself at Christchurch in Hampshire, kept the wolf from the door by taking in needlework. She resumed for herself, and her child, her maiden name. Four years afterwards, a Mr. Forth, whom the Duke of Orleans had commissioned to pick up *une petite Anglaise* as a schoolroom companion for his children, happening to be at Christchurch, saw little Nancy Sims, and having somehow persuaded her mother to part with her, took her away to France. Madame de Genlis, governess—or governor as she styled herself—of the duke's children, took a strong fancy to the little stranger, re-named her Pamela, for the sake of euphony, and bestowed the same care on her education as on that of her more distinguished pupils. Fearing however lest the widow Sims should reclaim Pamela at some future time, she went to England, and there induced the good woman to sign an *acte de cession* of the girl in the Court of King's Bench, in return for the sum of twenty-five guineas!

This odd story, received with distrust from the first, is now classed with the many other fictions for which we are indebted to the authoress of "*Les Annales de la Vertu*." The explanation to which the unkind public lent a readier ear, was that Pamela was the daughter of Madame de Genlis herself, by the Duke of Orleans. Indeed, the striking resemblance she bore to madame on the one side, and to one—if not two—of the duke's legitimate children on the other, was taken as sufficient proof that such was the case.*

As to the personal charms of Pamela,

* It is amusing to hear how the tongue of London society wagged on this topic. When the celebrated instructor of youth paid her first visit to England in 1785, she went to see Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill; and that prince of gossips in relating the circumstance to his correspondent, Lady Ossory, says, "Madame de Genlis was accompanied by Pamela, whom she did not even present to me, and whom she has educated to be *very like herself in the face*." Later on too, in 1791, the greater part of which year Madame de Genlis spent in this country, Miss Townshend, a lady holding a post at court, was similarly impressed. "I went last night," she writes, "to Lady Hume's, to see some French curiosities, Madame de Genlis, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, and the English founding, as they call her, Pamela, who has as French a face as possible, and in my opinion, and in the opinion of many others last night, is very like the first-mentioned lady; though Madame de Genlis is very ugly now, while Pamela is beautiful. But it is only the difference of age. They sat in a circle to be stared at, and seemed to like it."—Letter from the Hon. Georgiana Townshend to Mrs. Stapleton, published in "Memoirs of Field-Marshal Lord Combermere," Appendix.

there is no difference of opinion among those who knew her. Her beauty is extolled by all. Visitors to the palace of Versailles may remember a picture there in which she is represented. The canvas is a large one, the figures somewhat under life-size. To the right sits Madame de Genlis, twanging her harp; in the centre is Mademoiselle d'Orléans, also sweeping the strings, and reading from a music-book held for her by Pamela, whose face is seen in profile—a very Hebe such as Flaxman might have designed, or Thorwaldsen wrought in marble. How pure in outline are mouth, nose, and chin! How gazelle-like in expression is the downcast eye! She is clad in white, her gown fitting close around the neck. Over one shoulder a yellow scarf is negligently thrown. Her hair, raised, frizzled, and slightly powdered, is bound by a pale-blue ribbon, from which a bunch of cherries, stuck at random, gives a little air of coquetry to an otherwise simple attire.

But we have left Lord Edward in the theatre conversing with his new acquaintances. Before they left, he received from Madame de Genlis an invitation to dinner at Raincy, a villa outside Paris belonging to the Duke of Orleans, where she was then staying. He went, of course, and was more than ever captivated by Pamela. He afterwards repaired thither daily, enjoying to the full the delights of courtship.

Early in December, Madame de Genlis set out for the Belgian frontier, in compliance with the urgently-expressed desire of the Duke of Orleans, who wished the princess, his daughter, removed from French territory till affairs grew more settled. Lord Edward joined the travellers at the first stage from Paris, and accompanied them to Tournay, where they halted for some weeks. It was here that his marriage with Pamela took place, and that over, he started homewards with his bride.

On getting to Ireland, the young couple settled for a time at Frescati, a place near Dublin belonging to the Duchess of Leinster. In Lord Edward's letters to her thence, we obtain some pleasing glimpses of his early married life. Here is one:—

We came here last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room with the windows open, hearing the birds sing. The place looks beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and with the passage door open, the room smells like a greenhouse. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working

at her frame, while I am sitting in the bay-window with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati, give me.*

A year and a half later, he writes to describe a cottage in the town of Kildare, where he had gone to live. To those who know the Emerald Isle, the name Kildare may only recall a dismal, decayed little town, with a curious round tower, and an abundance of grunting pigs and dirty children. But when a home is truly happy, it is of little consequence what its surroundings may be.

I think I shall pass a delightful winter here. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door with a lath paling, and stuck it full of roses, sweetbrier, honeysuckles, and Spanish broom. With Pam and the child † beside me, of a blustering evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book—coming in after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled—flowerbeds and plants covered, for fear of frost—the place looking comfortable and well cared for—I shall be as happy as possible.‡

In alluding to politics, which he occasionally does, he writes in a less contented strain; and it is clear that the happiness which hung around his hearth did not attend him in public life. The outlook was indeed gloomy for every Irishman who wished well for his country. The question which most concerned all patriots, at this moment, was that of the enfranchisement of Roman Catholics; but the bill brought in with that object by Grattan was thrown out, while the viceroy (Lord Fitzwilliam), who lent his support to the measure, was recalled. A bill for a sadly needed Parliamentary reform shared the same fate.§

* Letter of May 6, 1793.

† His son Edward Fox FitzGerald, born 1794.

‡ It is impossible to help contrasting the quiet life here depicted with the deeply exciting one which Pamela had been leading in France a few years previously. Whether at Belle Chasse, or at the Palais-Royal, she was constantly in the society of men who were but waiting to play a prominent part in the impending Revolution. The odious but plausible Barère considered himself her political tutor. Camille Desmoulins, it is said, worshipped her at a distance. The very mob were at her feet. Madame Vigée Le Brun, in her interesting "Souvenirs," mentions how in the summer of 1789, she saw Pamela in a hat with long black feathers, riding about before the Invalides, followed by two grooms wearing the Orleans livery. As the young girl paced to and fro, the crowd made way for her, exclaiming, "She it is whom we will have for our queen!"

§ The Irish Legislature, at this time, consisted of a House of Lords, of which fifty-three peers nominated one hundred and twenty-three members of the other branch; and of a House of Commons of three hundred so-called representatives of the people, scarcely one-third of whom were freely and fairly returned by popu-

lar election." — "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," p. 22.

Lord Edward had by this time joined the society of United Irishmen. The preliminary oath, taken on entering, pledged every member to persevere in his endeavors to obtain "an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland." There was nothing especially revolutionary in this; it has been said, indeed, by one who knew well the leading members of the society (of which he was at one time himself a member) that at the outset of their career, they were "actuated by the most earnest love of the British Constitution," and that a treasonable or disloyal thought had never entered their heads. However, as time went on, and they saw their hopes scattered to the winds, their intentions in combining became considerably extended. They listened to, and at length entertained, an offer of the French government to assist them, by an invasion of Ireland, in a plot which they had formed for casting off the English yoke, and establishing a republic instead. Lord Edward was selected to settle the details of this compact, and he went abroad for that purpose. It was not he, however, but an equally active member of the society, Arthur O'Connor, who made the final arrangement for the intended invasion, at an interview with General Hoche, in Switzerland.

A fleet of forty-three sail, conveying fifteen thousand men under Hoche's command, set out from Brest in the following December bound for Bantry Bay, the point where a landing was to be attempted. "Never," says Moore, "since the Armada, has an expedition been doomed to encounter such a concurrence of adverse accidents, such a combination of all that is most thwarting in fortune and in the elements." One ship struck on the rocks, and went down, before she was clear of Brest harbor. The others were separated in a fog. Sixteen of the squadron came within sight of the Irish coast; but a violent gale blowing from off shore kept them tossing in the open for six days, and in the end scattered them completely. It was owing to no energetic measures on England's part that this expedition did not prove a perfect success; for though there were two British fleets in the Channel, they were anywhere but near the Cork coast. The attempt served to put England on her guard, and that was all. It is generally admitted now

that had Hoche and even five thousand French soldiers landed safely in the bay, they would, in the then disaffected state of the country, have been joined by the majority of the inhabitants, and Cork must have fallen.

England now, in self-defence, commenced a series of repressive measures, which exasperated the patriotic party in Ireland beyond endurance, and drove men who had wavered in their opinions before, into the ranks of the malcontents.

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and martial law declared. Deeds of cruelty and barbarity were perpetrated, with which readers of Irish history are only too familiar. FitzGerald, and his brother United Irishmen, must have seen that all chance of obtaining justice for their country was gone. Their eyes were again turned abroad for aid, and the promise of joint assistance from France and Holland kept their hopes alive. But these were presently dashed to the ground by Lord Duncan's decisive victory over the Dutch off Camperdown. Yet even after this, communications between the society and the French Directory were maintained, and in February, 1798, Arthur O'Connor, when about to embark for France at Margate, with a view to inviting a fresh invasion, was arrested and committed to the Tower.

FitzGerald, whose name, rank, and popularity gave him greater influence than his colleagues, was now regarded as the leader of the movement, and he threw himself into it with characteristic zeal. He appointed a revolutionary staff, and issued instructions to the rebel forces. Meetings of the executive committee were held repeatedly, and secretly, at different places. But while the plot proceeded, the government availed itself of the services of one Thomas Reynolds, a turncoat and informer, to gain sure information regarding the doings of the plotters. Warrants were issued for the apprehension of the members of the executive committee, and, on the 12th of March, a number of them were arrested at a meeting convened at the house of Oliver Bond, a merchant of Dublin.

By the merest accident, FitzGerald was absent on the occasion, and therefore remained at large. A hot search for him began at once. The sheriff, with a party of minor officials, repaired to Leinster House, where he and Lady Edward had for some time been established. There they found Lady Edward, who, though alarmed on her husband's account by their

arrival, answered their questions in a perfectly collected manner. They demanded all her husband's papers, and her own. These she delivered up. Later in the evening Lord Edward returned home; but when apprised of the active search for him that had begun, he disappeared and spent the night in the house of a confederate. He was obliged to remove thence to a house more remotely situated, on the banks of the canal. Here he lived for a month under a feigned name, keeping up a correspondence with the new Directory, which had been appointed to replace the delegates seized at Oliver Bond's.

It is said that the members of the government, the viceroy more especially, were most anxious at this juncture to give FitzGerald every chance of quitting the country, if he were so minded. But nothing was farther from his thoughts. He was, on the contrary, occupied with preparations for the general rising, now fixed for the 23rd of May—the plan being that the rebel forces of three counties, Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare, should advance simultaneously on the capital, taking by surprise the camp at Loughlinstown, the artillery station at Chapelizod, and finally possessing themselves of the Castle.

Meantime spies were constantly in search for him. A proclamation was issued offering a reward of £1,000 for his capture. He found it necessary to change his quarters several times. From his hiding-place by the canal, he moved to the house of a feather-merchant, named Murphy, in Thomas Street, and from thence to the house of a Mr. Moore hard by. From here he ventured out one evening in disguise. There seems to be some doubt as to whether he was bound. Some assert that he was going to the house of Lord Moira, where Lady Edward had arranged to meet him; others, that finding the neighborhood of Thomas Street no longer safe, he had accepted the offer of an asylum in the house of one Francis Magan, a barrister, and was going there. But, whatever his destination, information that he was to be abroad at nightfall reached the Castle authorities, and the streets through which he was expected to pass were watched in consequence. He set out with an escort of friends.

At a point where two lanes converged, Major Sirr (the town-major) with an attendant guard, was posted. As the party approached, Sirr attacked them at once; but was himself overthrown in the mud, and soundly cudgelled, by one of FitzGer-

ald's self-constituted protectors, a burly giant named Gallagher. During the scuffle which ensued, Lord Edward retraced his steps with all speed to Moore's.

Next day, for safety's sake, he changed his residence again to Murphy's house, and remained for hours concealed in a loft. The utmost caution was now necessary, for it was evident that the authorities were at least aware in what street he was hiding.

The following morning, a military patrol passed backwards and forwards along Thomas Street several times, and at last halted within view of Murphy's windows. They remained there for a bit, and then moved off. In the afternoon, Lord Edward dined in company with his host. He scarcely touched food. He was suffering from sore throat and a general feeling of *malaise*, and, the repast over, he went up to his bedroom, threw off his coat, and lay down outside the bed.

It was now the 19th May. Three more days had to pass, and the standard of revolt would be raised throughout the island. He had by him a map on which the projected attack on Dublin had been sketched with his own hand. His uniform as a rebel general — "dark green edged with red, together with a handsome military cap of a conical form," were concealed in the loft overhead. One wonders whether he felt sure of the triumph of his cause, or whether any drops of misgiving had mingled in the cup of hope. He certainly little suspected that a couple of informers, greedy for a share of secret-service money, had already betrayed him; * that Town-Majors Sirr and Swan, with Captain Ryan and a number of soldiers, were assembling at the door of the house in which he lay.

Murphy presently went up to Lord Edward's bedroom with the intention of offering him a cup of tea; but he had hardly begun speaking, when a great commotion was heard below. Then came the sound of hurried footsteps ascending the stairs. The next moment, Major Swan walked in. He told Lord Edward that he had come to arrest him. "You know me, my lord," were his words,

"and I know you: it will be in vain to resist."

Upon this, Lord Edward leaped up from the bed, with a wave-bladed dagger, which he carried about him, raised ready to strike. The major, seeing his intention, discharged at him a pocket-pistol, the bullet of which grazed his shoulder. The shock threw FitzGerald backwards; but he was up again in an instant, and aimed a vigorous blow at Swan, who, though he parried it in a measure, was stabbed in the side. Captain Ryan now rushed in armed with a sword cane, and seizing Lord Edward, threw him on the bed, receiving however, as he did so, a deep and dangerous wound in the stomach. When the struggling men regained their feet, Ryan was bleeding from a number of gaping cuts, but holding on with steady courage to his prisoner. Swan was kept for the moment aloof by the ferocity with which Lord Edward laid about him with his dagger.

In the mean time, Major Sirr was engaged in placing pickets round the house; but on hearing the report of Swan's pistol, he entered and hastened up-stairs, with his own pistol on full cock. On reaching the second landing, he found FitzGerald writhing between his captors, both of whom, bleeding and exhausted, clung around his legs. "Without hesitation," writes Sirr, in a letter describing the sanguinary scene, "I fired at Lord Edward's dagger arm (lodging several slugs in his shoulder) and the instrument of death fell to the ground."

FitzGerald staggered back; but, wounded as he was, he continued his efforts to get free. It was not until a guard of soldiers had been called up, who forced him to the ground with the weight of their firelocks, that he became quiescent. He was then carried down to the hall, where he made a final and desperate attempt at escape, during which somebody from behind — a drummer, it is said — inflicted a wound in the back of his neck, which added much to his sufferings at the last. He was removed in a sedan-chair to the Castle under a military guard of treble strength, for it was thought that the mob, which had assembled in force along the route, might attempt the rescue of their idol. Indeed so fully was a rising with that object expected, that the Dublin garrison remained under arms throughout the night.

At the Castle, his wounds — at first pronounced to be not dangerous — were dressed. While this was being done, a

* These informers were Francis Higgins, known as the "Sham Squire," and Francis Magan, the man already mentioned as having offered FitzGerald an asylum in his house. The government reward of £1,000 found its way into the pocket of the former, as well as a pension of £300 a year. The latter obtained £200 a year for his share in the betrayal, and large sums for similar services rendered subsequently. See "The Sham Squire and the Bloodhounds of '98," by W. J. Fitzpatrick.

Mr. Watson, the lord lieutenant's private secretary, asked him whether he would like any message delivered to Lady Edward.

"No, no," was his reply, "thank you, nothing — nothing. Only break it to her tenderly."

From the Castle he was removed to Newgate on the requisition of the magistrates, inasmuch as the frightful injuries he had inflicted on Captain Ryan were declared by the doctors to be mortal.

For some days before this, the friends of the prisoner had been in ignorance of his movements. When a reward for his capture was offered by government, their hope, and, in several cases, their firm belief, was that he had fled the country. When, therefore, the announcement of his arrest, and of the circumstances attending it, reached them, their astonishment was only equalled by their dismay. His wife, when the first burst of grief had subsided, sought permission to join him in prison. But this was refused, and a few days afterwards, in obedience to an order of the Privy Council, she quitted Ireland.*

At first it was thought that Lord Edward would recover from his wounds. But for this rest was necessary, and with a mind disturbed as his was, rest was out of the question. How terrible a prospect was that which lay before him! — a trial, which could only result in one way, followed by an ignominious death on the scaffold. On the last day of the month, he heard of the death of Captain Ryan. Remorse for a deed committed in a transport of fury, and the thought that, to the other charges against him, there was now added that of murder, affected him deeply. Awakening from a short and troubled sleep on the morning of the 2nd of June, he heard a commotion outside his prison window. Inquiring the cause, he was told that the execution of the rebel Clinch was taking place. The same night he was in a raging fever, and delirious. His frantic exclamations could be heard outside the prison walls.

Most of his near kindred — mother, stepfather, and sisters — were now in England; but an aunt and brother (Lady Louisa Conolly, and Lord Henry Fitzgerald) were in Dublin, and urgently appealing to the clemency of the viceroy and chancellor (Lords Camden and Clare) for admission to their suffering relative.

* Among the papers seized at Leinster House were some showing that she was as deeply implicated in the conspiracy as her husband.

Their appeals were sternly rejected, until the surgeon-general, who was attending the prisoner, pronounced his condition to be hopeless. They were then admitted.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was now calm. His wandering senses returned as his strength ebbed, and he recognized the faces of those he loved so well at his bedside. "It is heaven to me to see you!" were his few faint words, as they bent in anguish over him.

"He smiled at me," writes Lady Louisa, in her touching account of the scene, "which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time."

The interview did not last long. The dying man's thoughts were evidently confused, and he spoke but little. His aunt and brother left him, promising to return next day; but they had really bid adieu to him forever. Three hours after their departure, he breathed his last.

Such was the end of a man whose honesty of purpose cannot be questioned, whatever may be thought of the national movement which he led. "If," says Dr. Macnevin,

he had been actuated in political life by dishonorable ambition, he had only to cling to his great family connections, and Parliamentary influence. They, unquestionably, would have advanced his fortunes and gratified his desires. The voluntary sacrifices he made, and the magnanimous manner in which he devoted himself to the independence of Ireland, are incontestable proofs of the purity of his soul.

From The Spectator.

"ABOUT BEING WELL-INFORMED."

FOR a great part of my life, I (or "we," if the plural may add dignity and weight to my beginning) suffered under a modest conviction that I was a very ill-informed person. There were so many hard words round me, that all the paths of knowledge seemed as no thoroughfare to my understanding. Something of Greek I had learned, and of Latin, — pleasant, old, umbrageous regions of literature not then threatened with disafforesting, wherein the mind might browse with much satisfaction, and, as I yet think, to some profit; but with all the modern developments of (alas, poor word!) English, I believed myself unable to cope. Political questions I could not fathom. If I drank of the lucid fount of law, my head grew muddled, and I asked if the drainage was right. When a legal argument rose in the House,

I could not understand how it was that all the lawyers who voted with the Tories held one legal opinion, and those who went for the Whigs another. Medicine met me with an astounding jargon, which had none of the English that my simple faculties might grasp, yet failed to remind me of any classics I had read. About science, above all, I felt that I was bound to know something. Did I not read everywhere that everybody did, — that propositions in which I could not detect the smallest meaning, or the merest grammar, were recognized facts of existence, as much as that two and two make four? I wonder if two and two do make four. Men of late have overproved everything so much, that I find myself sometimes daringly speculating in bed whether, after all, the sun does not go round the earth, instead of letting the earth go round it. It looks as if it did, I am sure. Suppose that there should one day be a great collapse of wisdom, and that all our most established facts should at one fell swoop be shown to be entirely wrong. How great would be the *γελως ἐν Ἀθανατοισιν*! And I do not in the least see why it should not happen. But to return. Science, I was ashamed to feel, beat me more than all other studies. I could never remember the distance of anything from the earth, and at times secretly, but firmly, believed that nobody really knew. I used to wander out at night, and look up to

The royal heaven's immeasurable plain,
And the unnumbered stars' bright company,

and grow rebellious towards the canons of these fellow-men of mine, crawling like me between heaven and earth, and measured like me, in the teeth of all their wisdom, by the span of threescore and ten tiny years. Who and what were they, to cramp this mystic universe by a six-foot rule, and to vulgarize the infinite? I believed that the philosophers had not made all their discoveries (as they said that they had), for the benefit of mankind, but for something to do. My mind began to assume towards these self-appointed monitors of the race the attitude of Betsy Prig to Sairey Gamp, when too much "Mrs. Harris" brought her fairly to bay. Nowhere in the range of language do I remember anything more epic, more human, more dramatic, than those awful words by which the yoke of years was broken in a moment: "I don't believe there's no such person."

I was very ill-informed, indeed. I rushed

to elementary books in secret shame, but the most elementary of them assumed in me a knowledge for the absence of which I blushed. The "three M's" of my infancy, Mangnall, Markham, Marcett, were all beyond me. With more advanced teachers, I was hopeless. I could grapple with an intricate construction of Thucydides, but not with Tinfoil, Worrisson, *et hoc genus omne*. To deal with their obscure passages, I had neither "crib" nor dictionary. All these wise men, I am told, hold very different opinions, and fight about them fiercely. But I lumped them all together in my unchastened thought. If I could ever follow a sentence of one of them, I felt that I should hold the key to all. But I never could. Yet wherever I went — at dinner-tables and in country houses — I might hear these mysteries glibly talked about, when the game and the horses had been well discussed, and seemed alone in my ignorance. Did all the fine ladies and all the rising youth really understand all these things, which seemed so hopelessly dark to me; or was it possible — could it be — that they only "made believe"? Journalism did not help me. Perhaps, I thought, if I begin by reading through the leading articles of the *Jupiter* every morning, and not putting them down till I have mastered them, I may improve. At first I was hopeful, for I found that if I took to analyzing the periods, their construction puzzled me very much. So I hoped that I had found there a grammar for this strange tongue which I wanted to be able to read. But I soon broke down. Do what I would, out of nine-tenths of the wilderness of words I could compress or distil no definite meaning whatsoever. I got general ideas of what it was all about, and that was all. And not always that. It was the same with poetry. I took up the poet Whiting, determined, at all events, to understand him, for I had a great, though anachronical, love of verse, and I knew my Scott, and my Byron, and my Macaulay's "Lays" by heart. But at least I knew that they were not poetry, for they were too simple; and there was no use in poetry unless it puzzled one, at least for a time. How otherwise could it improve the mind, and introduce me to the well-informed? I had a sneaking regard for Tennyson and Longfellow, who had simple things to say, and said them simply; but I owned that it was very shallow of me. They feel it themselves, so much so that one of them, the American, writes a sonnet

to the other, and abuses the higher poesy, which rhymers like these cannot grasp. He talks enviously of

the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance.

Think of the audacity of it! Why, the very thing I needed was to have my brain properly crazed. Then I should be well-informed, and, after a time, understand wisdom,—perhaps, later on even enter into a controversy about molecules, or something else really useful. So I shut myself up, tied a towel round my head, and drank green tea, and went in for Whiting. I knew that I should suffer at first, but when the shore was won, I should not count the billows. I consorted with a very well-informed man, whom I had known at college, Impey, of St. Nil's, and talked to him of Whiting, whom he admired as much as his lofty mind allowed him to admire anybody. To Impey, the deepest philosophy was as child's-play, and he proved the composition of the soul, or its substitute, every month in the *Agnostic*. The worst of it was that, as he thus made his living (having to live, like humbler beings), he was by the necessity of the thing obliged to prove it differently every time, which was very trying for his disciples, making him more difficult to follow than Revelation, on which a few of the weaker among them at last fell back, becoming content and restless at once, which was both annoying and wrong. For if we consent to be content and restless, what becomes of progress and the *Agnostic*? There being no life beyond, the Impeyites justly argue that we should get all the trouble we can out of this one, for the sake of our successors. As to Whiting, however, Impey did not think much of poets, but admitted that Whiting was one. I asked if he always understood him. He merely smiled, seeing no difficulty. Could he explain him? That, of course, he said depended on my capacity for understanding the explanation. This was bitter, and went home all the more because I felt, having read Impey, that it would be harder to follow than the original. Yet Impey and I had taken a first at Oxbridge together. How—oh! how—had he become so well-informed, while I had sunk into a fool? I chose a blank-verse page from the poet, making it scan as well as I could, and I read it to Impey, with all the emphasis I could command, line by line, backwards, and upwards from the bottom, finishing at the top. He

smoked and listened, asked me, when it was over, what difficulty I found in it, and explained it all. I thanked him humbly, and said, "Oh, yes," having by this time a glimmering of the fact that, if you do not understand a thing, you may be reputed quite as well-informed by saying that you do, and avoiding particulars. As I had read the passage backwards, I knew that if I could have found the words I could have explained it as well as Impey, and from that hour I doubted him. Heresy grows fast, when doubt is once admitted. But I then and there abandoned Whiting. When, some time afterwards, a friend of mine, who had met him at dinner and been charmed with his urbanity, said enthusiastically, "You would never think he was a poet?" "Not from his poetry," I answered gloomily. And the repartee was considered good at the time.

Was I really getting hold of the key? Was the venerable Solomon, after all, as good a man as any of the staff of the *Agnostic*, with his good-humored views of the exceeding silliness of this life? "Are we all on the wrong tack," I asked myself, "in insisting on making it so fearfully and wonderfully in earnest, in season and out of season (forgetting the old warning against early rising and the 'bread of carefulness'), in knocking our heads against all sorts of walls of our own building, and solving the big problems, which are just the same as they always were, for the benefit of those of the next generation who shall be on the staff of their *Agnostic*, and will have to solve them all over again, in the same way and other words, or in the same words and another way?" For the great beauty of "cerebral molecuicism"—I have just invented that expression, and it sounds very well, though it means nothing—is that from the same premisses, as thereby expressed, we may draw opposite conclusions with equal force and perspicuity. Though I have struggled hard, since the date of which I have been writing, to become well-informed, and feel that I may have, at all events, partially succeeded, I own that I think it must be very much easier to write the language of molecuicism, when once its dictionary has been mastered, than to read what has been written. Only molecuicists understand it, which makes it seem difficult to the outsider. But then, who cares to write but for the initiated? What is it to the doctor who has all cures at his fingers' ends—though, if he has a cold

coming, he goes to his rival in the local practice to ask if he is threatened with typhus, and being assured that he is not (by the authority which on any other case he rightly considers valueless), goes home and takes no medicine, but waits till the cold is gone — what is it to him, I say, when he issues a pamphlet on cerebral disease for the benefit of the public, that only *his* initiated can translate him when he says that the "effusion of hæmatin and hæmatosin into the lymphatic sheaths, capillary dilatations, atheroma, and infarctions" (Oh! what can an infarction be?) are the signs of that disease? What sets, what cliques, we all are, and all live in! When we are young, we look on "well-informed" people with awe and envy. As we grow older, we ask ourselves what on earth we mean by it? — whether to be well-informed is not, in our eyes, to know the things that we know, another version of the "orthodoxy which is my doxy," and if the constant reader of the *Thespis* or the *Pegasus*, who can tell you all that is going on, one in every provincial theatre, and the other in every racing-stable in England, has not as much right (and in his heart uses it, too) to look down on Impey, of St. Nil's, for knowing nothing on earth about these things, as Impey has to regard him, as he does, as an altogether inferior being, the nearer to our common ancestor the catarrhine ape in proportion to his ignorance of molecules. If, in grave and thoughtful earnest, some of us come to believe that there is no higher provable purpose in this world than to live straight, and to do our neighbor no harm, while aiding him in the struggle to the best of our little power, which has the better right to laugh at the other, Impey or the constant reader? It is well to have an interest in life; and as the first has his, so too has the second. But Impey's speculations, on what he admits he cannot know, shake the faith and repose of many a yearning soul, and therein, be he tenfold right in his melancholy creed, they work clear harm in the one world he believes in. If there really prove some day to be another, where the first shall be last and the last first, which will stand best, I wonder, the constant reader, or Impey, of St. Nil's? It is a very curse of the time that half the world must needs "think," which is not so easy as it sounds. When the inevitable "Finis" comes to be writ-

ten up, many and many an Impey, I take it, will find that, like Lord Dundreary, he only "thank he thunk," after all. It is no bad thing to accept a more modest part, and to rest content with observing. Observation is all the thought that most of us can attain to. But we may decline to accept "thinkers" at their own curious and self-satisfied valuation.

How first it dawned upon me that the solution of the information difficulty might be found in the remark of Sir John Vesey — lineal descendant of old Solomon — "All humbug; humbug, upon my soul!" was in this wise. When a youngster, fresh from college, admiring knowledge and reverent of facts, but better acquainted with tennis and racquets than with less exact sciences, I dined at my father's table with the late Mr. Strap. The party was small, but he was great. There were "ourselves," and with us my keen college friend, Jack Hardhed, of Bluenose, who even then knew more facts than any man else had ever known, and came on purpose to meet the Historian of Civilization. Open-mouthed we sat, and listened to the oracle, my father included, who in his quiet way had, I think, more true knowledge than greater men; but was wont to hold his tongue and listen, with a quaint and courteous smile, which puzzled people till they knew him, and when they did, made them rather uncomfortable. It gave them an uneasy notion that he was finding them out. The oracle had not then so far advanced with him. In the course of a conversation in which Strap laid down the law about everything, — my father smiling, and passing the wine, Hardhed, respectful and reverent at first, scratching his head at last and fidgeting on his chair, as if anxious to "cut in," the rest of us awestruck and admiring, — somebody mentioned a new dictionary with approval. "It is a good book," said the oracle. "It is one of the few dictionaries which I have read through with pleasure." The pause which followed this remark was terrible. The idea at once conjured up by the mind, of a student who was in the habit of reading dictionaries from A to O, all other learning apart, and had liked a few of them, was, to speak with simplicity, tremendous. I have never forgotten the moral they conveyed, and have looked ever since, on all men of information, with a jaundiced eye.

TOM BALBUS.

From Golden Hours.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

AMONGST the Romans a hand was the emblem of good faith, and the almost universal adoption of the clasped hands in marriage, and other solemn ceremonies, prove this to have been a custom instinctively considered as emblematic of union and fidelity; unfortunately, just as the kiss, at any rate between women and relations, has ceased to be a token of the truest and strongest affection, so has the hand-shake also fallen somewhat from its high estate, and become a mere idle ceremony not necessarily conveying an impression of any special interest or regard. In the ancient usage of striking hands as a pledge of fidelity in confirming a bargain, is no doubt to be found the origin of shaking hands. "Who is he that will strike hands with me?" asks Job, when complaining of the unmerited contempt and mistrust to which he was subjected. We also learn that in ancient Rome the hand-shake was utilized in a manner not unfamiliar to the would-be legislators of modern times; that, in fact, it was one of the condescensions practised by those who aspired to a seat in the Senate, to win the goodwill and adherence of their low-born constituents; for it is said of Scipio Nasica, the enemy of Tiberius Gracchus, that in canvassing for votes he exclaimed, on taking the rough hand of a laborer, "What! Do you walk on your hands?" It is natural that savages in their love of imitation should conform by degrees to the usages of more civilized nations, and in nothing is this more marked than in their adoption of kissing and shaking hands as expressive of love and friendship. A certain facetious ethnologist declares that the existence of savage tribes who do not kiss their women is a conclusive proof of primeval barbarism, since, he says, had they once known the practice, they could not possibly have forgotten it. The Red Indians have certainly learned the habit of shaking hands in wishing one another good-morrow from the Europeans, but for many centuries previously they seem to have clasped hands as a token of fidelity, in ratifying a bond. Some nations have very eccentric, not to say unpleasant, modes of saying, "How do you do?" And the further we descend in the scale of race-development, the more we find the civilities exchanged by human beings assimilating to those of the lower animals, such endearments as patting, stroking, sniffing, blowing, rub-

bing noses, etc., being common. Some Pacific islanders who now shake hands used to show their joy at meeting by sniffing at their friends after the fashion of amiable dogs. The Fuegians pat and slap each other. The Polynesian takes his friend's hand or foot, and strokes his own face with it. Amongst the Todas of the Nilgherry hills respect is shown by raising the right hand to the face, and placing the thumb on the bridge of the nose. The people of Iddah greet you by shaking their fist in your face. The ceremony of rubbing or pressing noses is common to many countries; Linnæus found it practised in the Lapland alps, while Darwin describes the aborigines of Australia as invariably pressing the tips of their noses together on meeting, continuing the process for a space of time somewhat longer than would be required for a cordial shake of the hand, and accompanying it with sundry short grunts of extreme satisfaction. Some of the tribes in central Africa take one another's hands on meeting, but, considering this insufficient, at the same time testify their regard for a friend by gently rubbing his arm with the other hand. Anything but flattering to one's self-love is the hand-shake perfunctory, in which the performer, first raising your hand, gives it a short, sharp, quick, impressive movement downwards, and then drops it abruptly, as though he would say, "There! I have done my duty for this time, so far as you are concerned." Then we have also the hand-shake perpendicular, in which the whole arm is moved energetically up and down with precisely the action of a pump-handle; and the hand-shake horizontal, in which the arm is moved with equal vigor from side to side; representatives of the last two types produce on meeting an admirable illustration of the mechanical combination of forces, the result of their hand-shaking being a curious rotatory motion so embarrassing to the chief actors, so comical to the spectator, that no one who has once witnessed the same is ever likely to forget it. One man at least we know who has the curious habit of embracing his friend's left elbow with his disengaged hand while the right is employed in the customary greeting, a trick which bears a close relationship to the arm-rubbing of certain tribes in central Africa. The muscular hand-shaker is generally a very good fellow, but the vice-like pressure of his fist, though it comes from the heart, and may be in that sense pleasing, yet causes his victim nearly as

much physical discomfort as would the embrace of a tame bear. A true, warm-hearted friend is a valuable possession, but one would prefer being convinced of his affection in some other way than by having one's joints dislocated. "B. is an excellent fellow," said some one, in speaking of a muscular philanthropist of this type, "but I shook hands with him once, and ever since that, whenever I see him, I put my hands in my pocket, and keep them there." It would be impossible to enumerate all the different modes of shaking hands with which one has grown familiar, but it is a subject, the consideration of which, besides affording some amusement for an idle hour, may really be of use to the student of human nature, since, though not an unerring index to a man's character, it gives a clue to it at least as trustworthy as phrenology and physiognomy; for instance, the man of an honest, open nature, is not likely to use habitually the hand-shake secretive, nor will he of modest, kindly disposition, only vouchsafe two fingers to his friends. The languid hand-shake will generally be found peculiar to persons of cold, lymphatic temperament, while the hand-shake retentive shows what may be, in many respects, a fine character marred by a certain self-sufficiency and want of consideration for the feelings of others. The hand-shake muscular generally accompanies warmth and intensity of affection, combined with great strength of will, and a nature good, if somewhat coarse of fibre; and the unpleasantness of this development of our subject being a question not so much of manner as degree, it can easily be modified by culture into the hand-shake unexceptionable, such as of course distinguishes every reader of this article.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE DEATH OF ANAXAGORAS.

"Lampsacum postea profectus, illic diem suum obiit: ubi rogantibus eum principibus civitatis, Numquid fieri mandaret, jussisse ferunt ut pueri quotannis quo mense defecisset ludere permitterentur, servarique et hodie consuetudinem." — *DIOG. LAERT., De Vita Philosoph.* : Anaxagoras.

CLEON of Lampsacus to Pericles: —
Of him she banished now let Athens boast;
Let now th' Athenians raise to him they stoned
A statue; *Anaxagoras is dead!*

To you who mourn the master, called him
friend,
Beat back th' Athenian wolves who fanged his
throat,

And risked your own to save him, — Pericles, —
I now unfold the manner of his end.

The aged man, who found in sixty years
Scant cause for laughter, laughed before he
died
And died still smiling: Athens vexed him
not!
Not he, but your Athenians, he would say,
Were banished in his exile!

When the dawn
First glimmers white o'er Lesser Asia,
And little birds are twittering in the grass,
And all the sea lies hollow and grey with mist,
And in the streets the ancient watchmen doze,
The master woke with cold. His feet were
chill
And reft of sense; and we who watched him
knew

The fever had not wholly left his brain,
For he was wandering, seeking nests of birds —
An urchin from the green Ionian town
Where he was born. We chafed his clay-cold
limbs;

And so he dozed, nor dreamed, until the sun
Laughed out — broad day — and flushed the
garden gods

Who bless our fruits and vines in Lampsacus.
Feeble, but sane and cheerful, he awoke
And took our hands and asked to feel the sun;
And where the ilex spreads a gracious shade
We placed him, wrapped and pillowed; and
he heard

The charm of birds, the social whisper of
vines,

The ripple of the blue Propontic sea.
Placid and pleased he lay; but we were sad
To see the snowy hair and silver beard
Like withering mosses on a fallen oak,
And feel that he, whose vast philosophy
Had cast such sacred branches o'er the fields
Where Athens pastures her dull sheep, lay
fallen

And never more should know the spring!
Confess,
You too had grieved to see it, Pericles!

But Anaxagoras owned no sense of wrong;
And when we called the plagues of all your
gods

On your ungrateful city, he but smiled:
"Be patient, children! Where would be the
gain

Of wisdom and divine astronomy,
Could we not school our fretful minds to bear
The ills all life inherits! I can smile
To think of Athens! Were they much to
blame?

Had I not slain Apollo? Plucked the beard
Of Jove himself? Poor rabble, who have yet
Outgrown so little the green grasshoppers
From whom they boast descent, are they to
blame?

How could they dream — or how believe when
taught —

The sun a red-hot iron ball, in bulk
Not less than Peloponnesus? How believe
The moon no silver goddess girt for chace,

But earth and stones, with caverns, hills and
vales?
Poor grasshoppers! who deem the gods absorbed
In all their babble, shrilling in the grass,
What wonder if they rage, should one but
hint
That thunder and lightning, born of clashing
clouds,
Might happen even with Jove in pleasant
mood,
Not thinking of Athenians at all!"

He paused; and blowing softly from the sea,
The fresh wind stirred the ilex, shaking down
Through chinks of sunny leaves blue gems of
sky;
And lying in the shadow, all his mind
O'ershadowed by our grief, once more he
spoke:—
"Let not your hearts be troubled! All my
days
Hath all my care been fixed on this vast blue
So still above us; now my days are done,
Let it have care of me! Be patient; meek;
Not puffed with doctrine! Nothing can be
known;
Nought grasped for certain; sense is circum-
scribed;
The intellect is weak; and life is short!"

He ceased and mused a little, while we wept.
"And yet be nowise downcast; seek, pursue;
The lover's rapture and the sage's gain
Less in attainment lie than in approach.
Look forward to the time which is to come!
All things are mutable; and change alone
Unchangeable. But knowledge grows! The
gods
Are drifting from the earth like morning mist;
The days are surely at the doors when men
Shall see but human actions in the world!
Yea, even these hills of Lampsacus shall be
The isles of some new sea, if time not fail!"

And now the reverend fathers of our town
Had heard the master's end was very near,
And come to do him homage at the close,
And ask what wish of his they might fulfil.
But he, divining that they thought his heart
Might yearn to Athens for a resting-place,
Said gently: "Nay, from everywhere the way
To that dark land you wot of is the same.
I feel no care; I have no wish. The Greeks
Will never quite forget my Pericles,
And when they think of him will say of me,
'Twas Anaxagoras taught him!"

Loath to go,
No kindly office done, yet once again
The reverend fathers pressed him for a wish.
Then laughed the master: "Nay, if still you
urge,
And since 'twere churlish to reject goodwill,
I pray you, every year when time brings back
The day on which I left you, let the boys—
All boys and girls in this your happy town—
Be free of task and school for that one day."

He lay back smiling, and the reverend men
Departed, heavy at heart. He spoke no more,
But haply musing on his truant days,
Passed from us, and was smiling when he died.

Thus wrote to Pericles from Lampsacus
The poet Cleon; and the master's words,
Wherein he spoke of change unchangeable,
Hold good for great things but hold ill for
small;
For lo! six hundred fateful years have sped,
And Greece is but a Roman province now,
Whereas through those six centuries, year by
year
When summer and the sun brought back the
day,
The lads and lasses, free of task and school,
Have held their revelry in Lampsacus,—
A fact so ripe with grave moralities,
That I, Diogenes, have deemed it fit
To note in my "DE VITA ET MORIBUS."

WILLIAM CANTON.

CHINESE ARTILLERYMEN.—A good story comes from the north which, if true, forcibly illustrates the rottenness of the official system which in China plays into the hands of Russia, or any other power that meditates hostilities with the Middle Kingdom. The expensive guns which were procured from Europe (Krupp and others) were very soon robbed of their brass sights by certain peculating petty mandarins, and the weapons were of course of no use whatever for actual service. Great was the consternation, therefore, when the 'cute viceroy, Li Hung Chang, gave orders that a review should be held, and that these deadly pieces of artillery should be fired off in his presence. The astute official thieves, however, were equal to the occasion; they speedily improvised pieces of bamboo in shape very nearly resembling the real sights, and gilded

over the more thoroughly to hide the deception, placing them in position and firing by rule of thumb as if the finest calculations and sighting had been elaborated. One of the precious guns burst, it may be remembered at this same review, by overcharging or double-shooting; but the greatest triumph of the military rogues on that day was the sighting of Krupp's guns with pieces of gilt bamboo. Such are the men who would lead the Chinese braves to victory against disciplined Western troops. We fancy that Tso Tung-tung keeps a better run of his artillery than was done on this memorable occasion. It is not, we believe, an uncommon thing to find the most vital part of a machine stolen (if loose) after having been passed into the hands of the Chinese.

Overland China Mail.